

POLICE

SM
4



APRIL No. 53

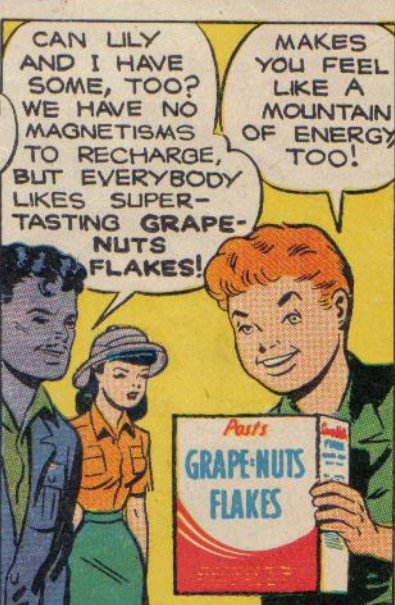
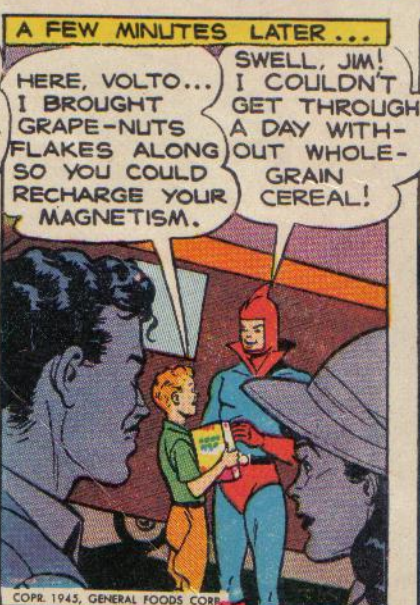
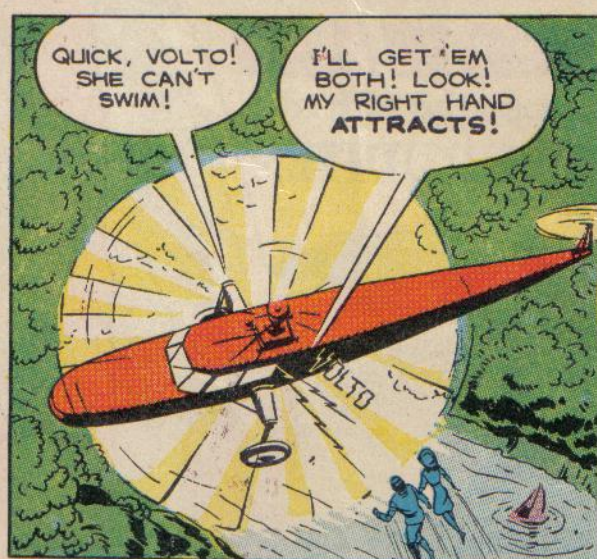
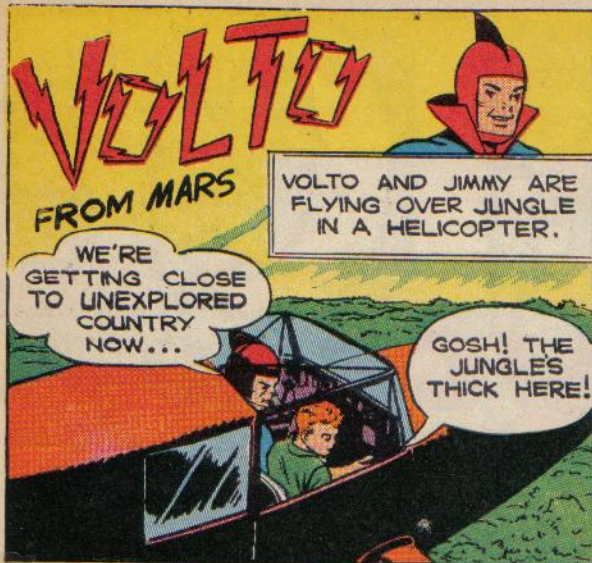
COMICS 10¢

It's an ill wind
that blows
PLASTIC MAN
across the path of
DR. ERUDITE!





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TUNE IN HOP HARRIGAN

ABC NETWORK 4:45 MON. THRU FRI.

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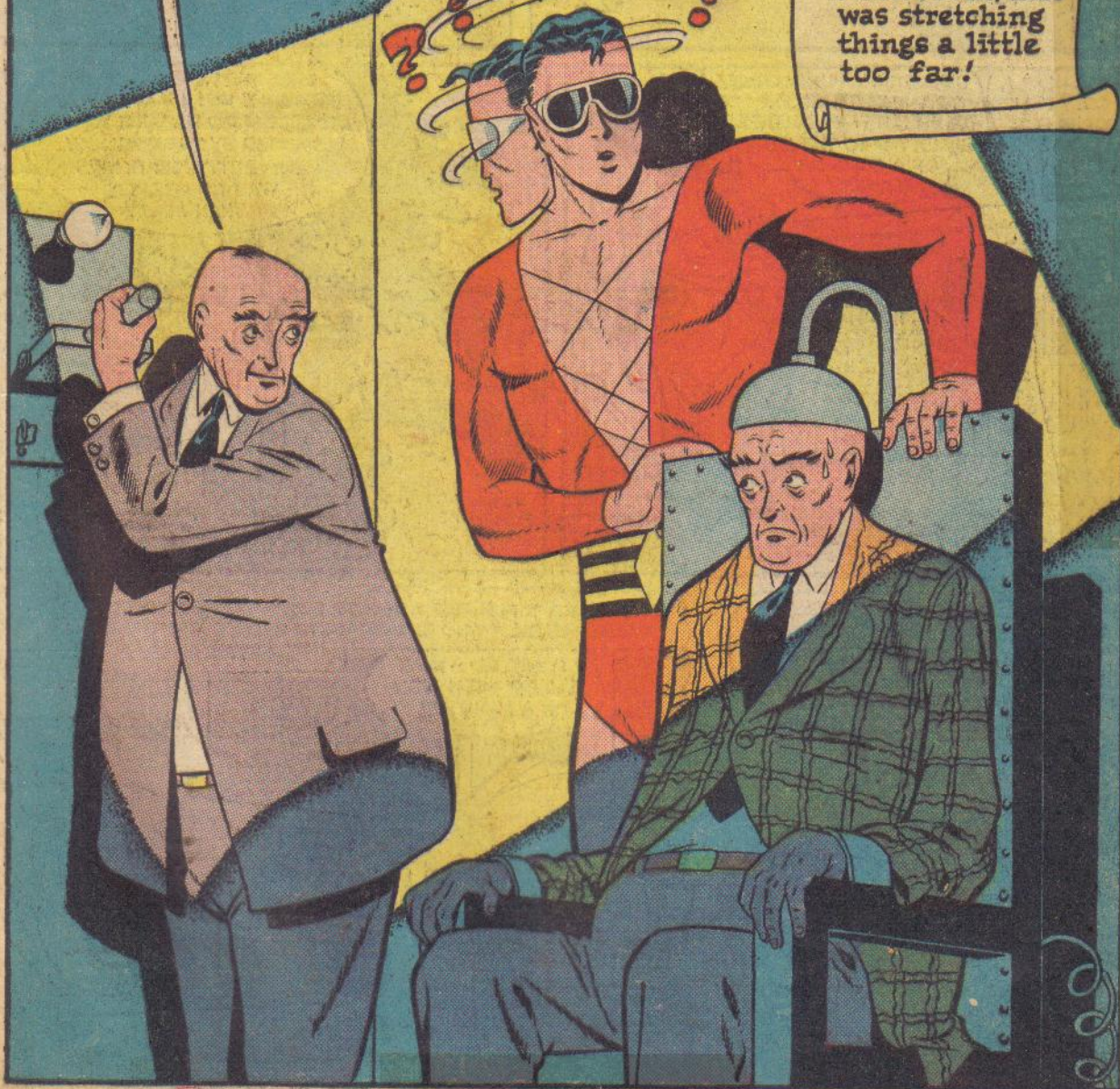
PLASTIC MAN

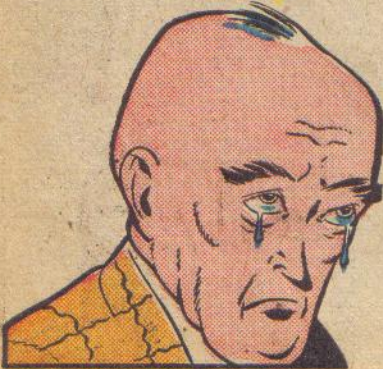
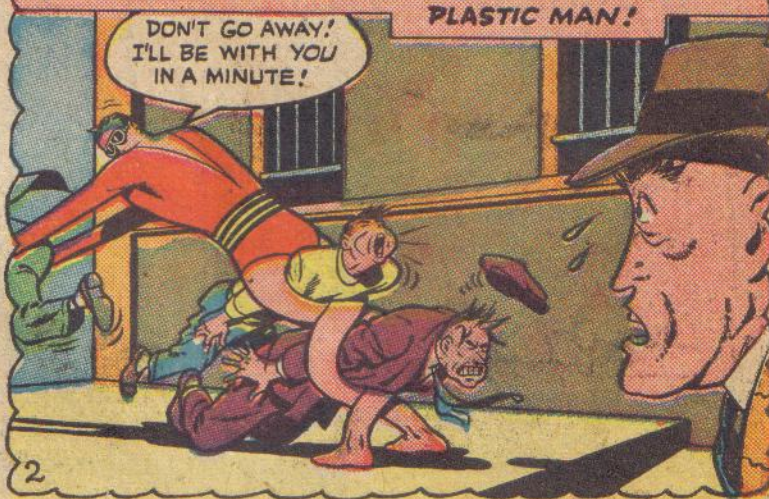
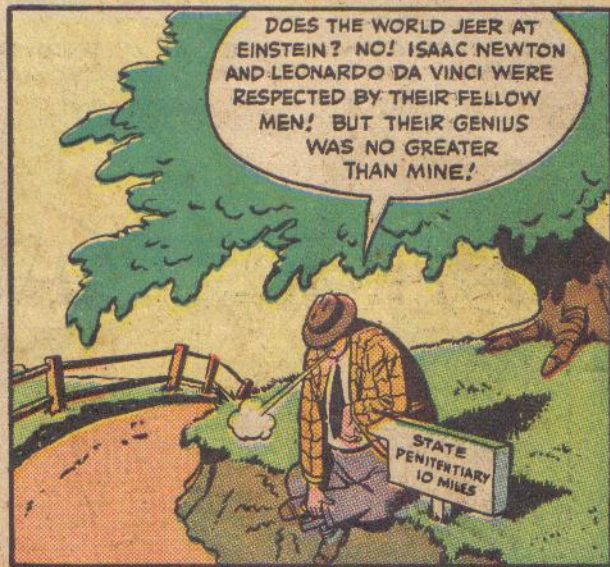
SHALL
I THROW
THE SWITCH
NOW,
PLASTIC
MAN?

I CAN'T MAKE
UP MY MIND
WHICH OF YOU
IS GUILTY!

The evil genius of
crime, Dr. Erudite,
was no match for
the redoubtable
Plastic Man!

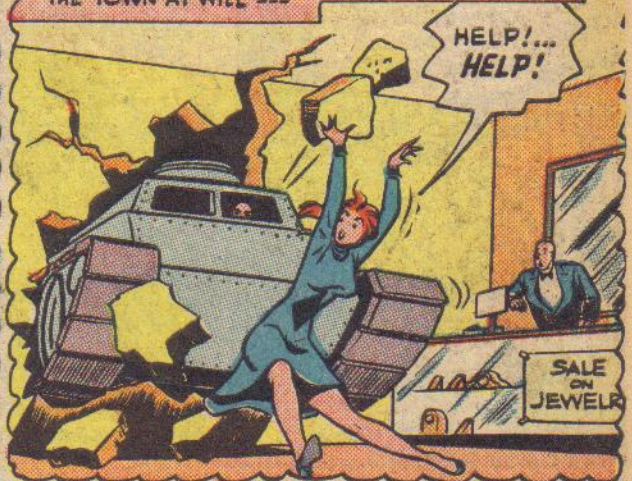
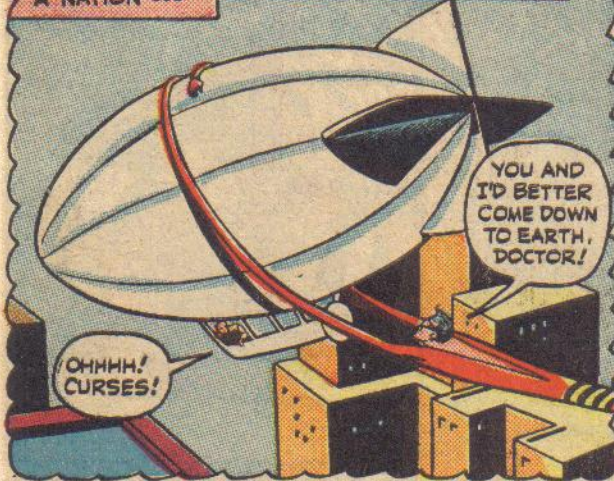
But when there
were **TWO** of the
Scheming doctor
--- well, even for
Plastic Man, that
was stretching
things a little
too far!





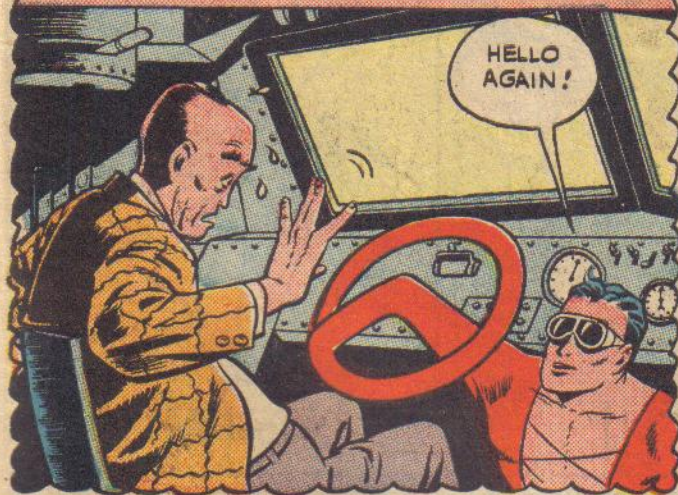
"IT WAS THE SAME RUBBERIZED ROUGHNECK WHO SPOILED THE BLIMP ROBBERIES THAT TERRORIZED A NATION ---

"BUT I WAS SURE HE COULDN'T MATCH MY MONSTER TANK! NOTHING COULD STOP IT. I PLUNDERED THE TOWN AT WILL ---



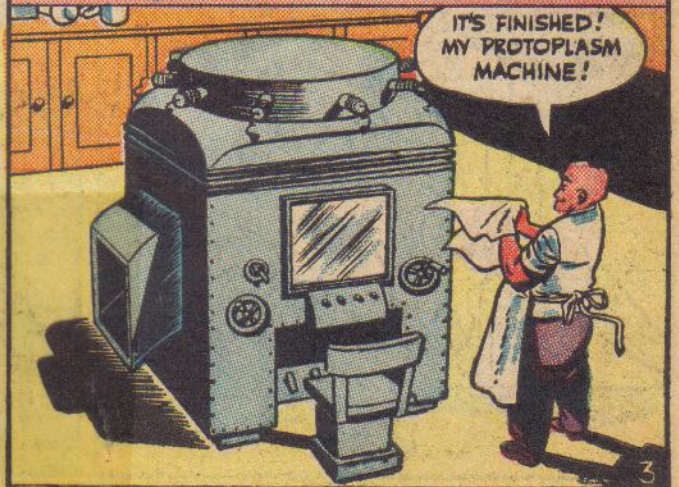
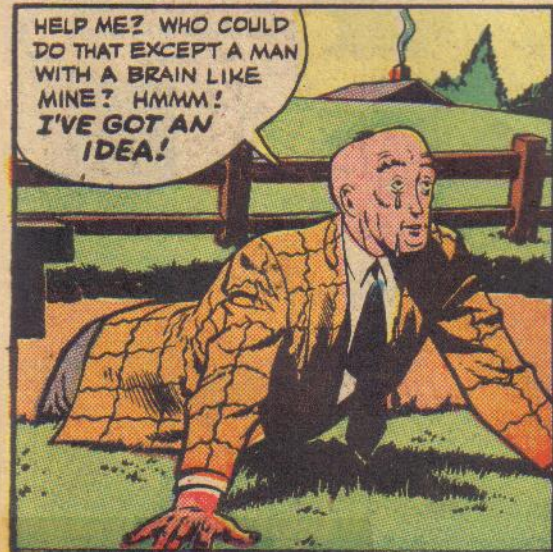
"UNTIL I TRIED TO MAKE A RIGHT TURN AND DISCOVERED THE WHEEL I WAS HOLDING WAS ... **PLASTIC MAN!**

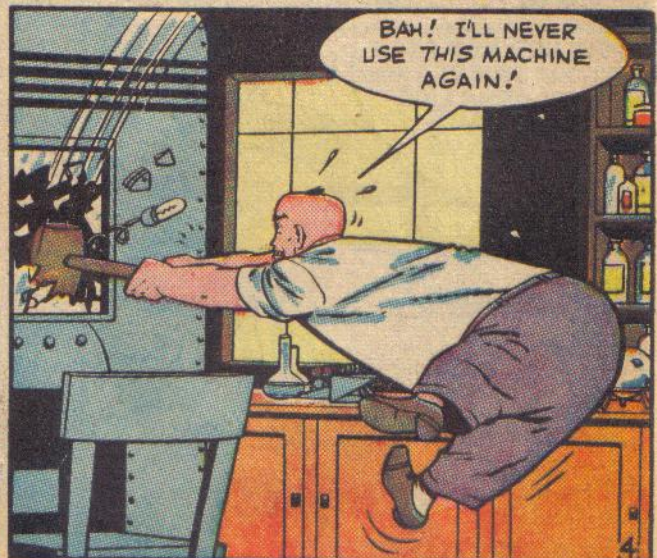
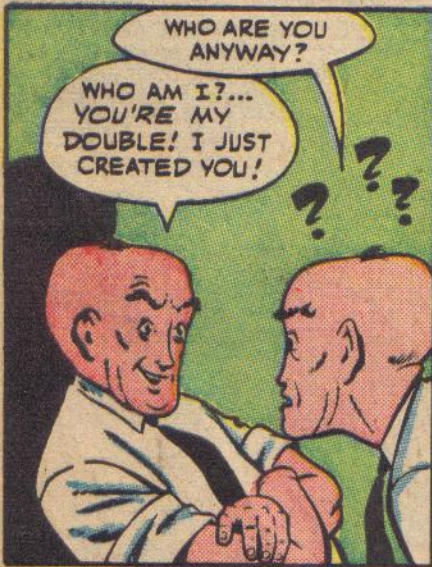
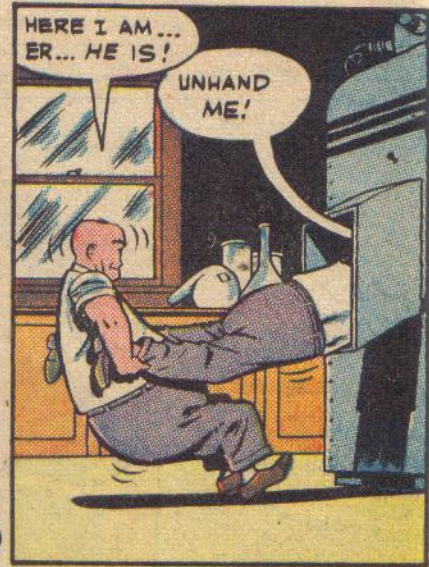
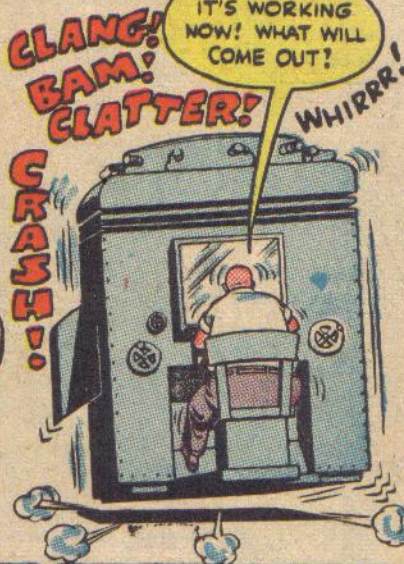
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO DEFEAT HIM! THERE **MUST!** OHhh! I WISH I HAD SOMEONE TO HELP ME!

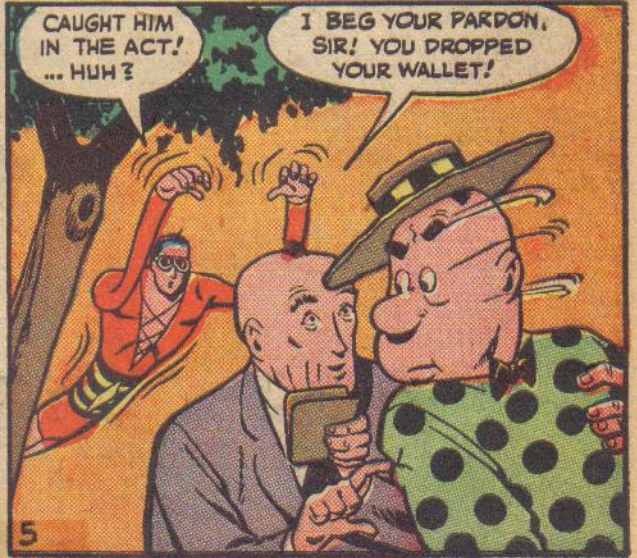
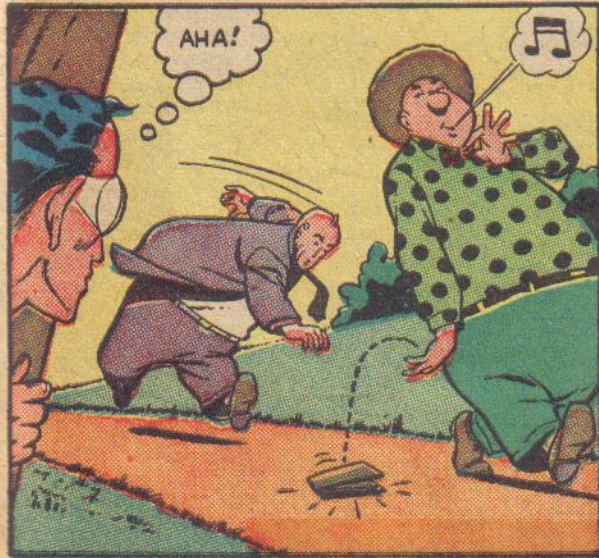
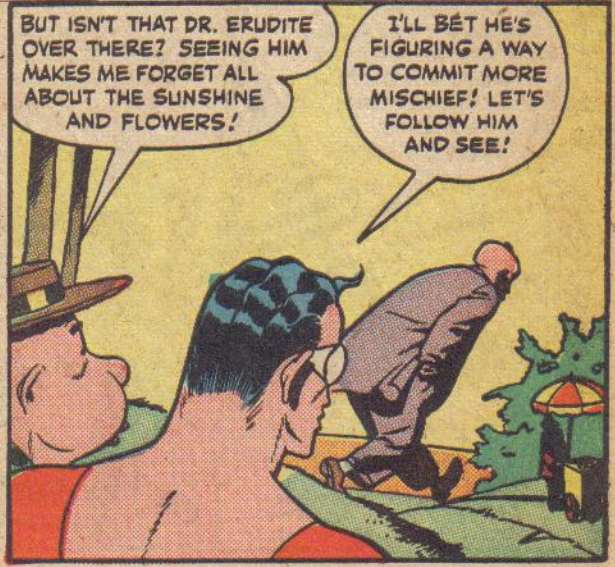
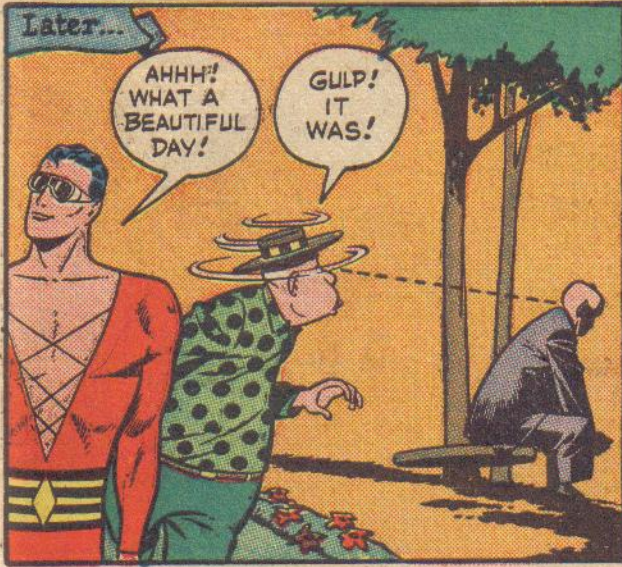


HELP ME? WHO COULD DO THAT EXCEPT A MAN WITH A BRAIN LIKE MINE? HMMM! I'VE GOT AN **IDEA!**

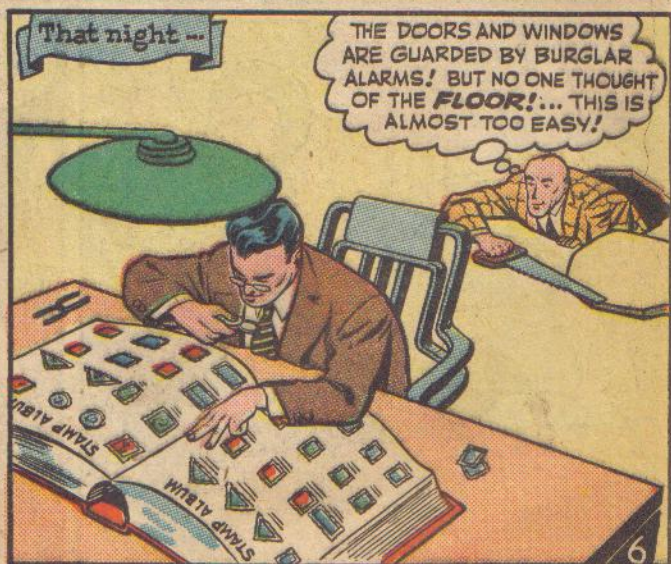
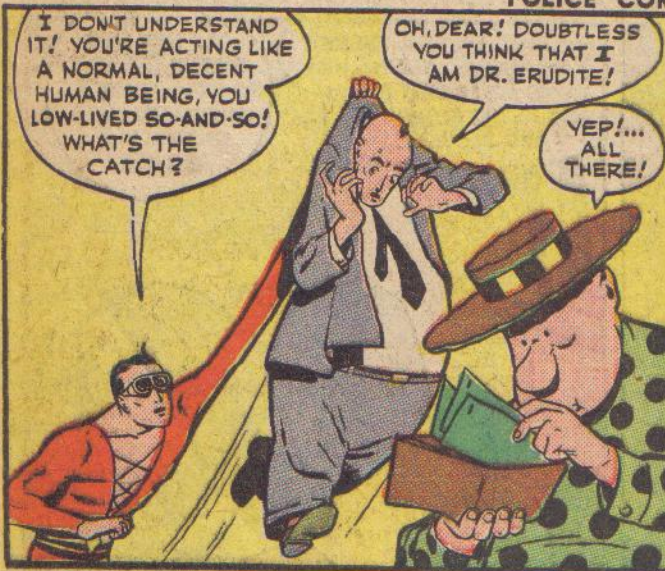
In a makeshift laboratory, Dr. Erudite works long hours to perfect a new invention ---

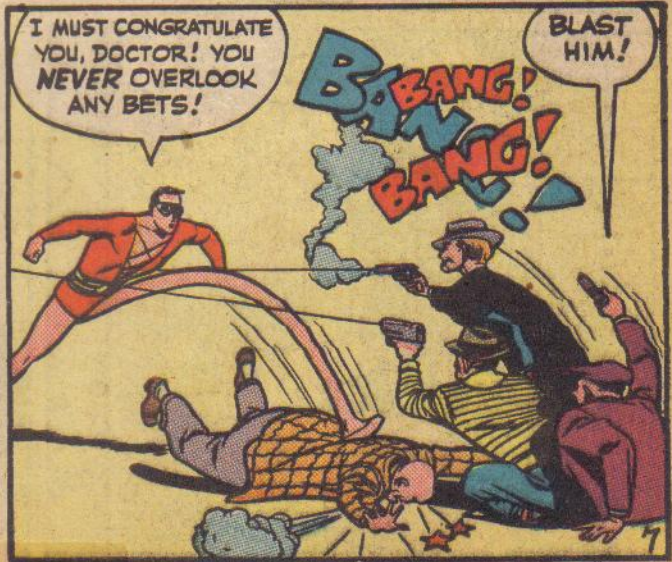
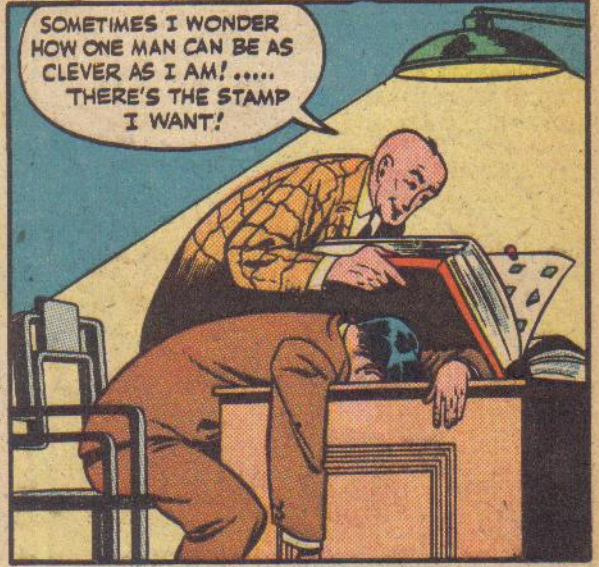
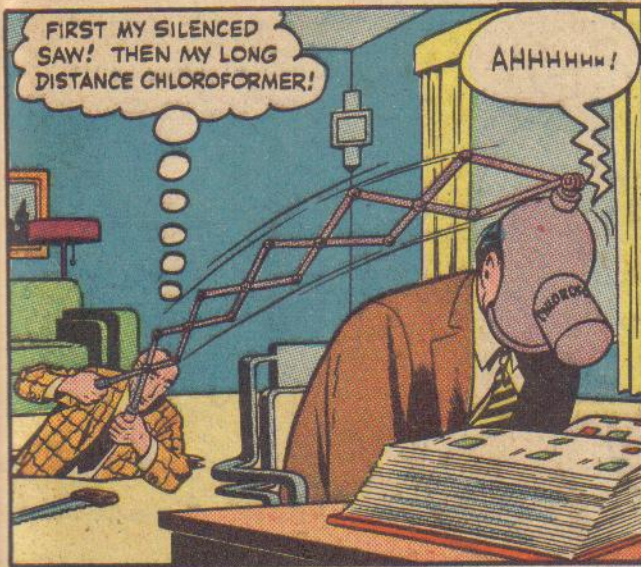


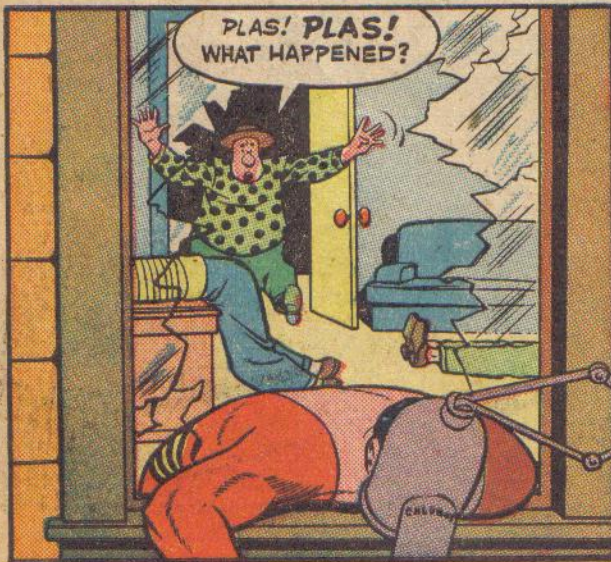
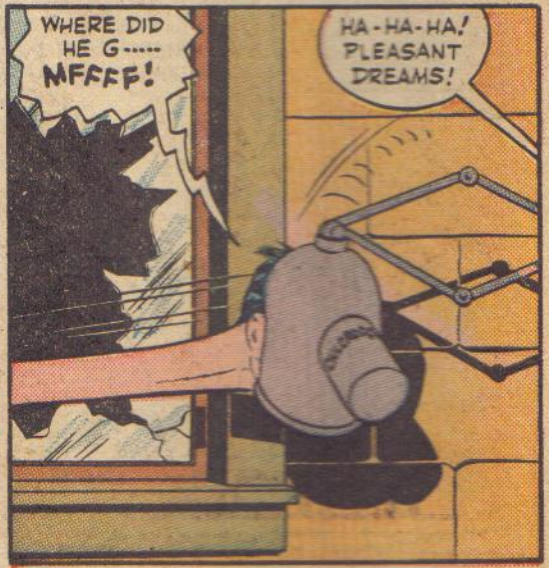
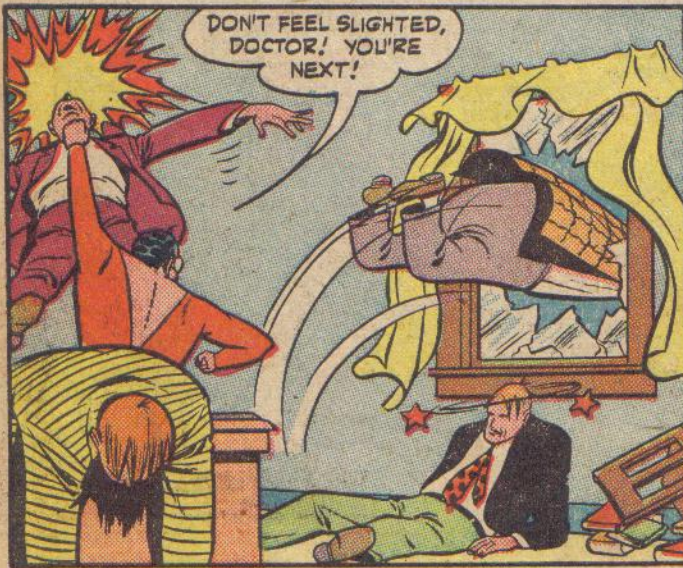
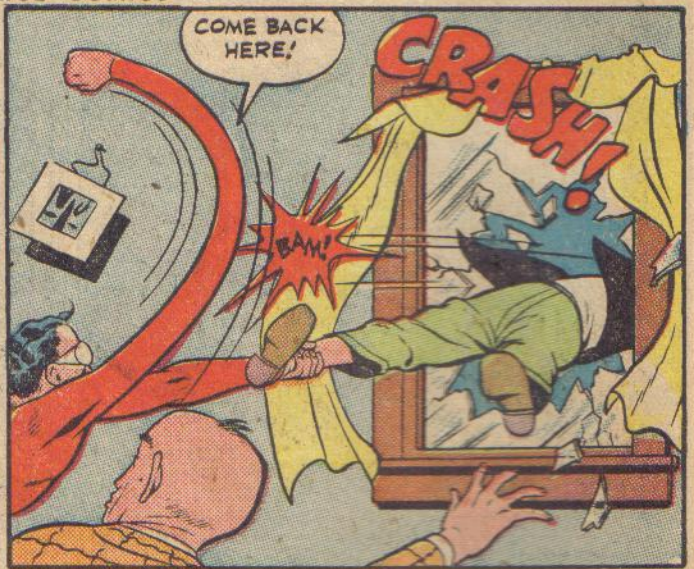
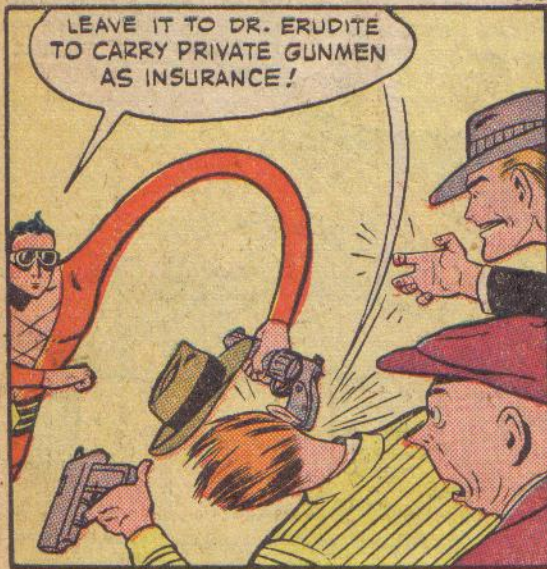


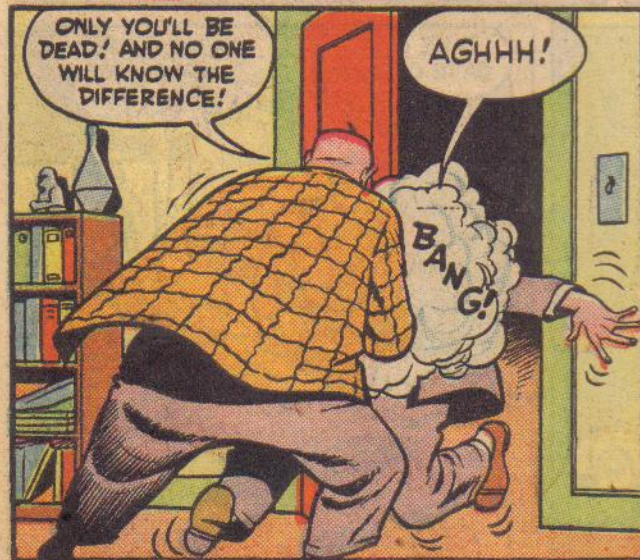
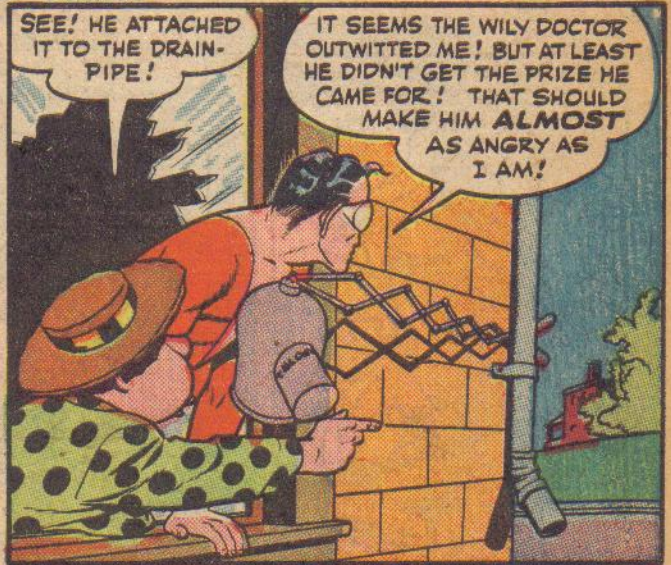


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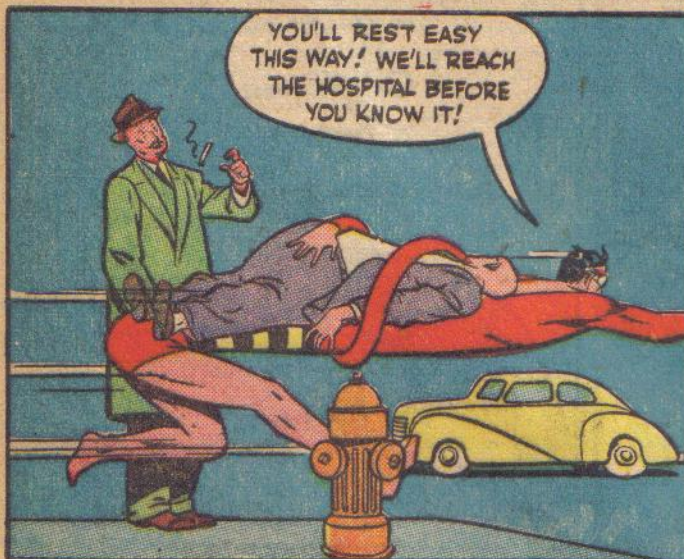
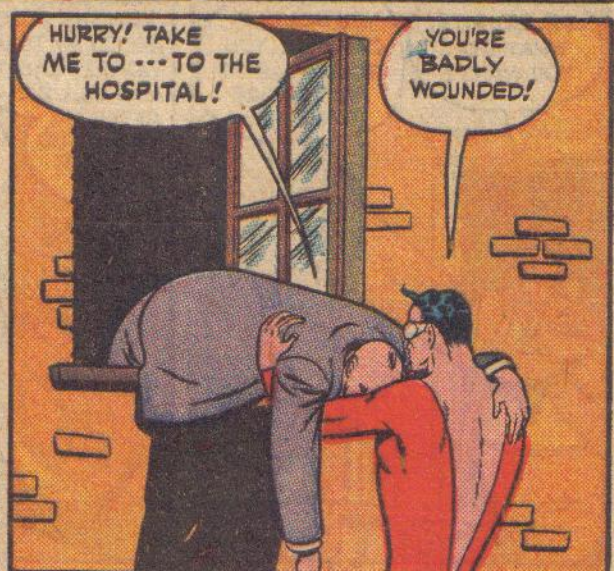


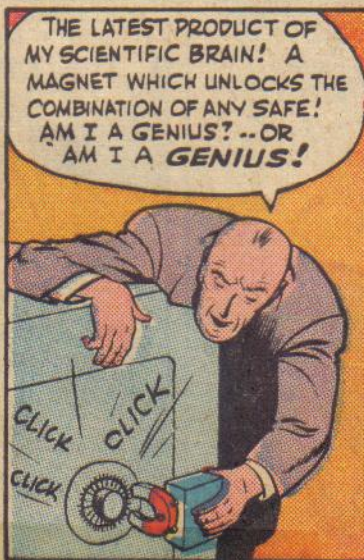
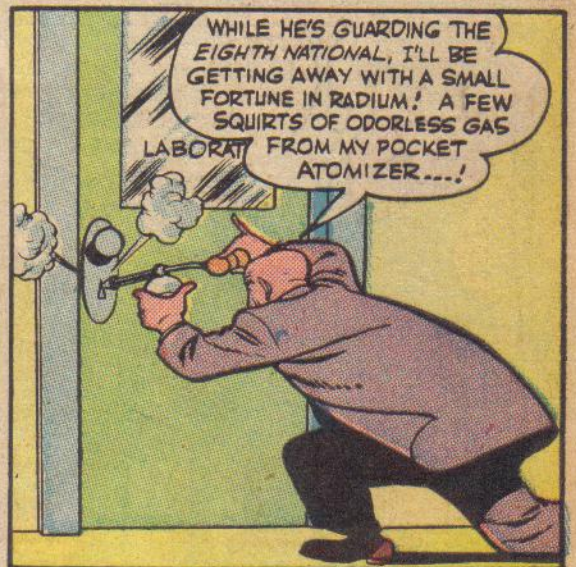
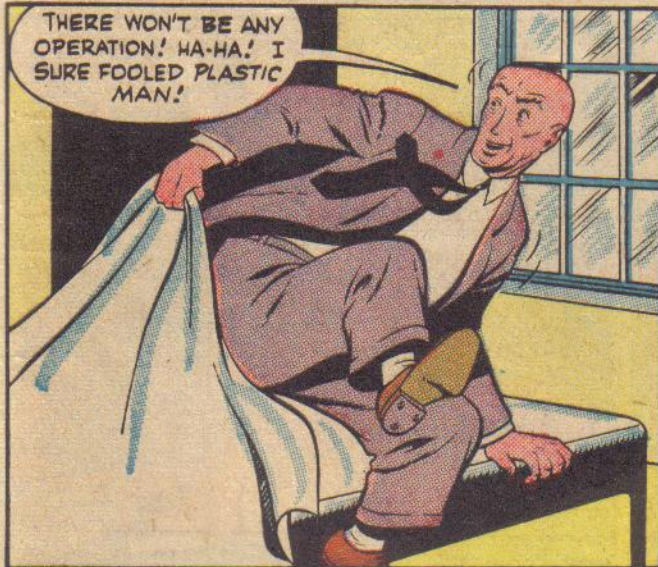
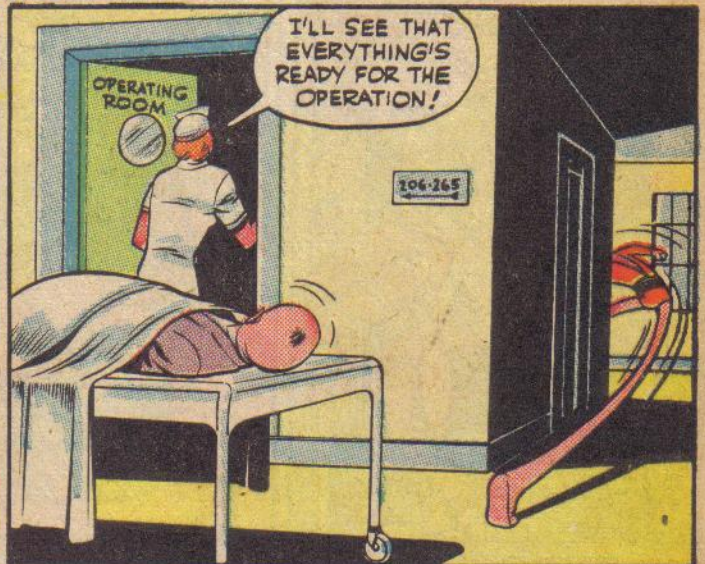


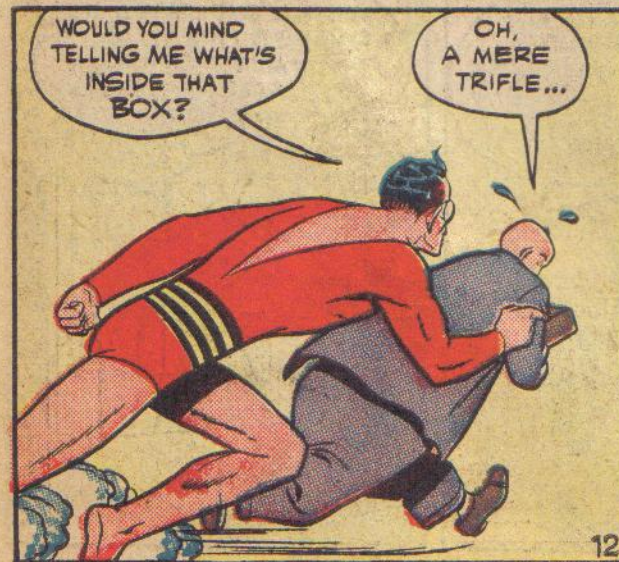
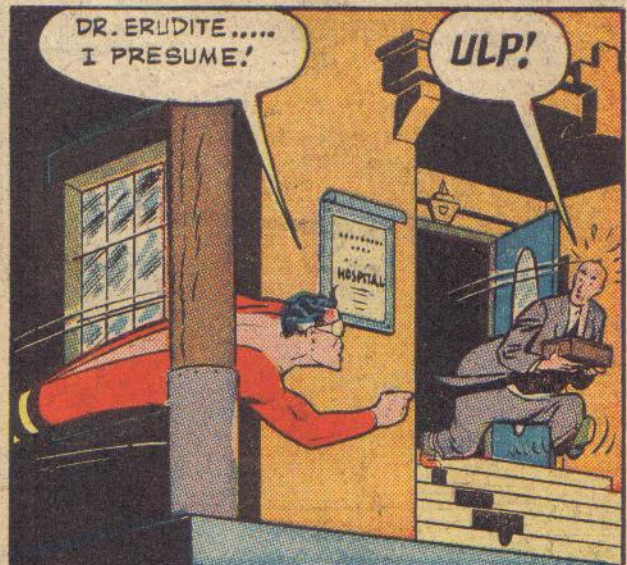
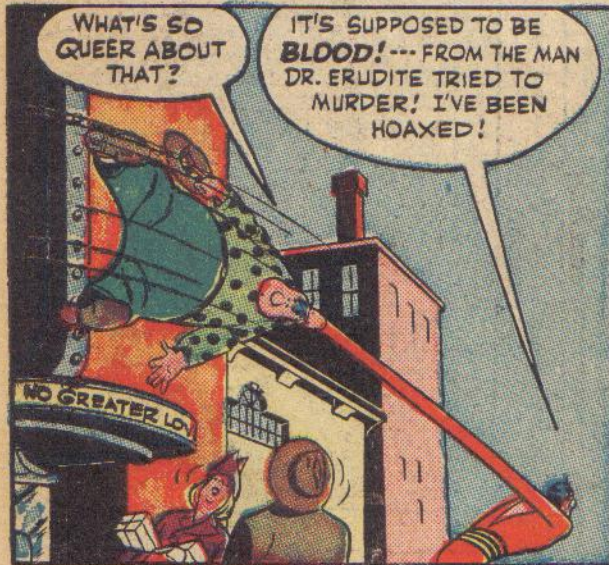
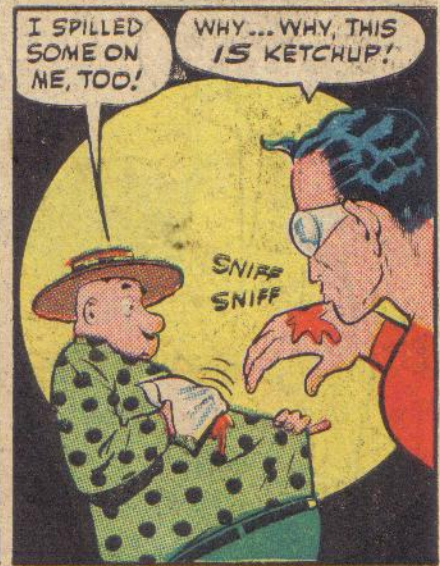
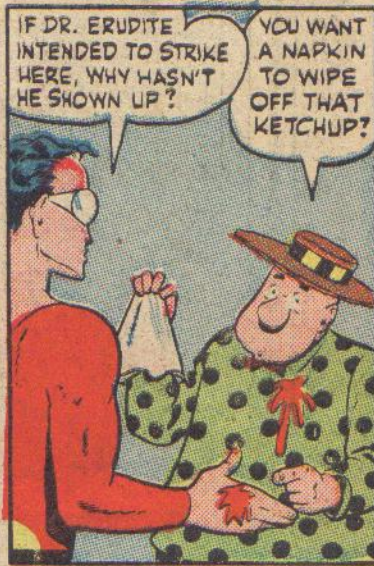
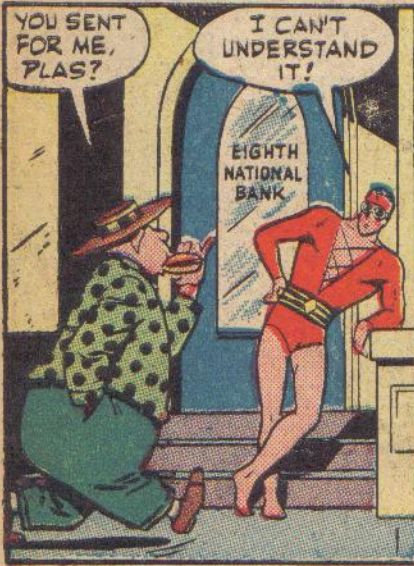


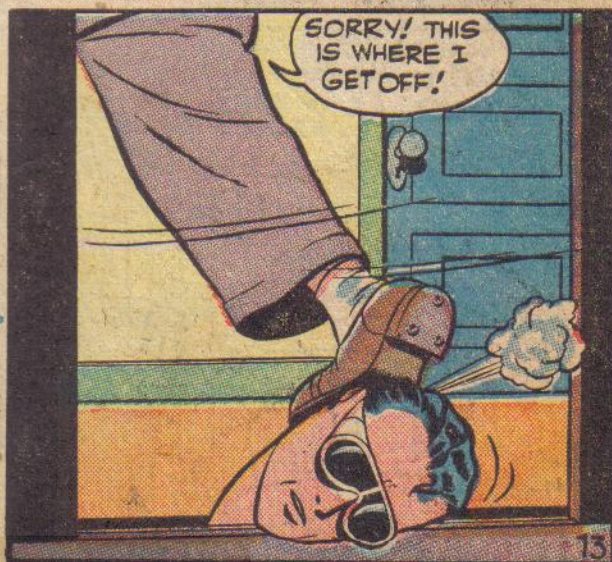
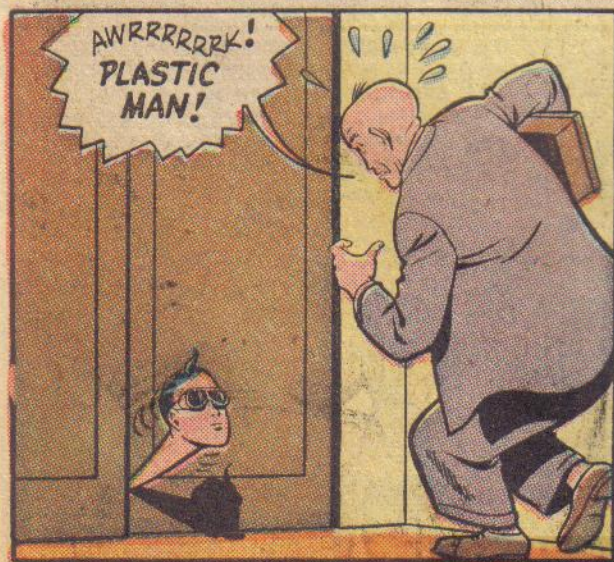
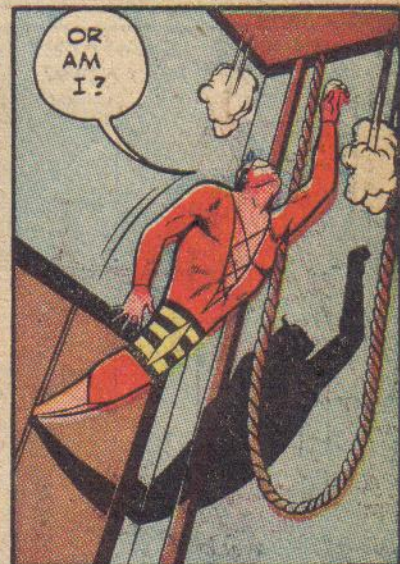
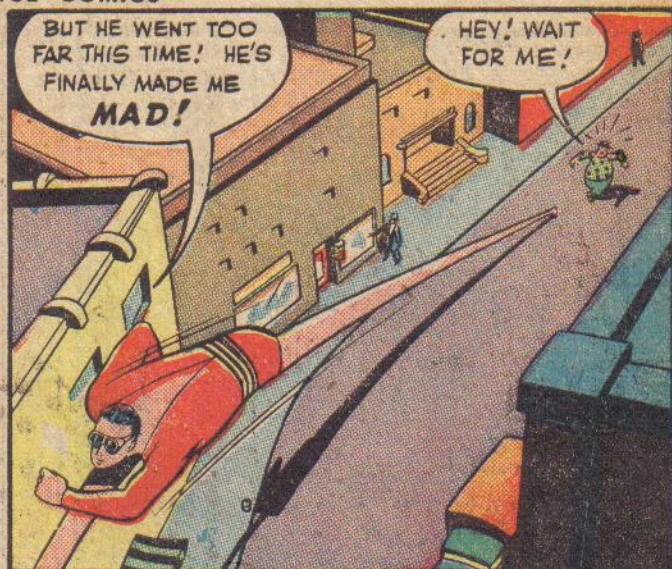


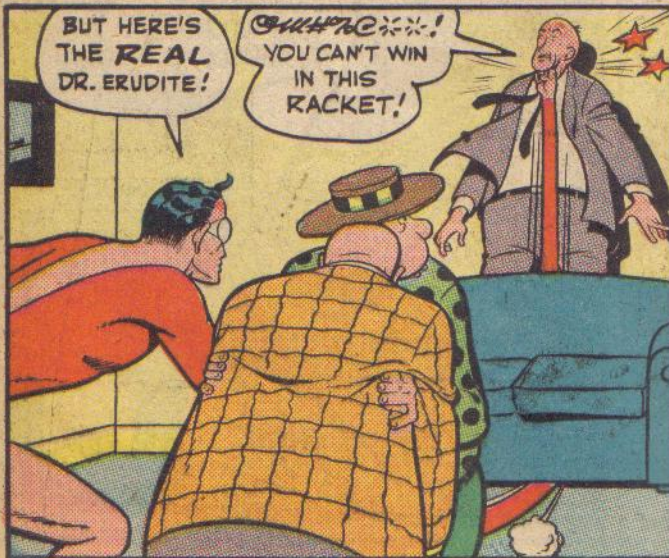
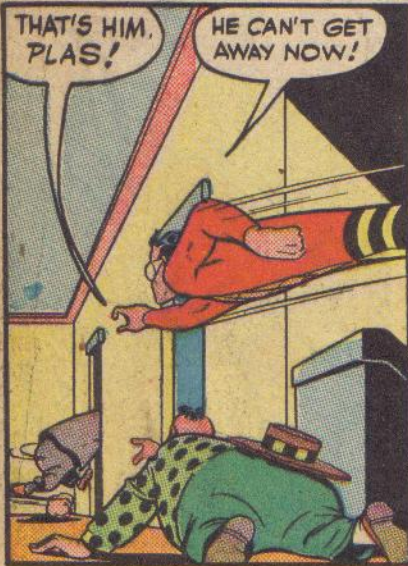
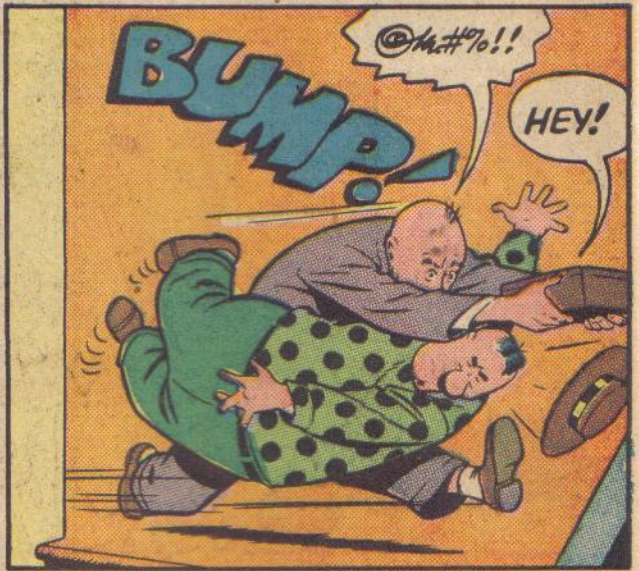
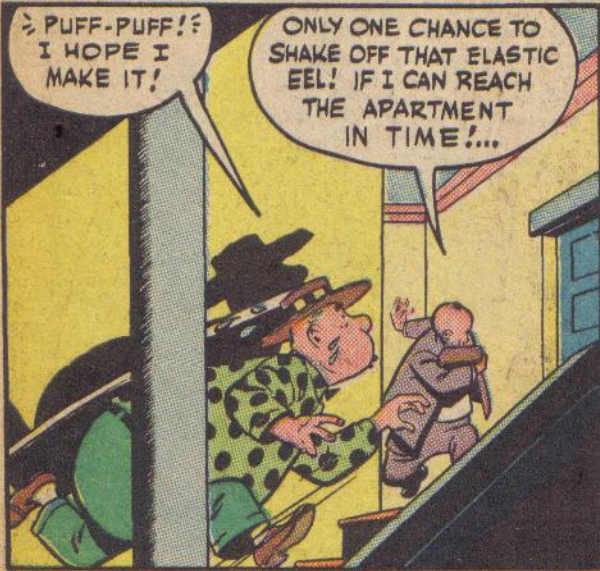
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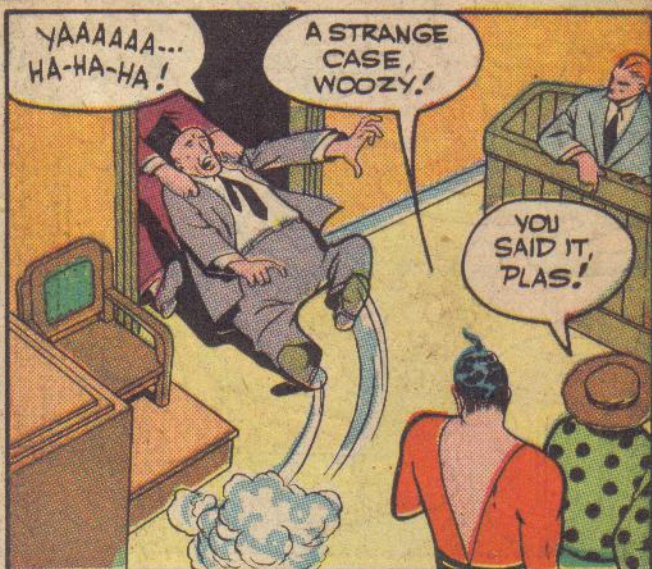
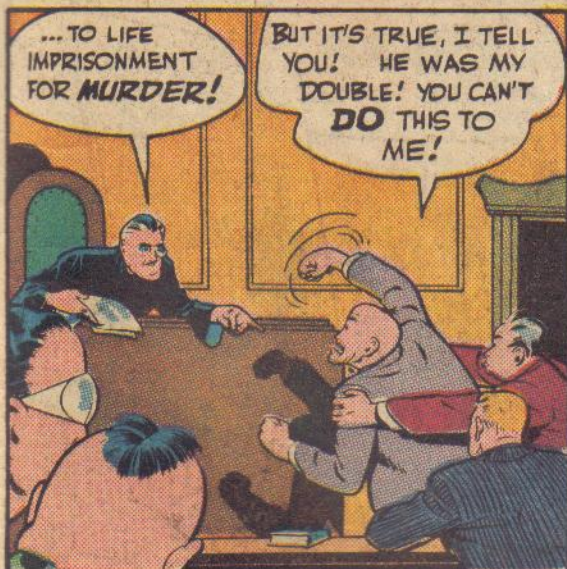
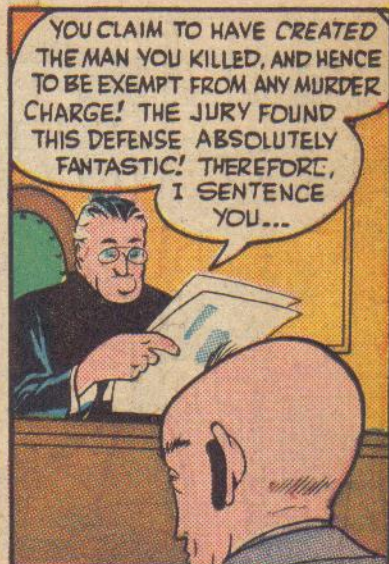


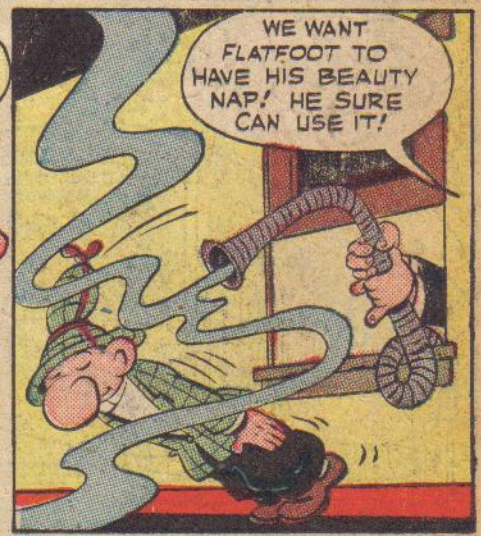
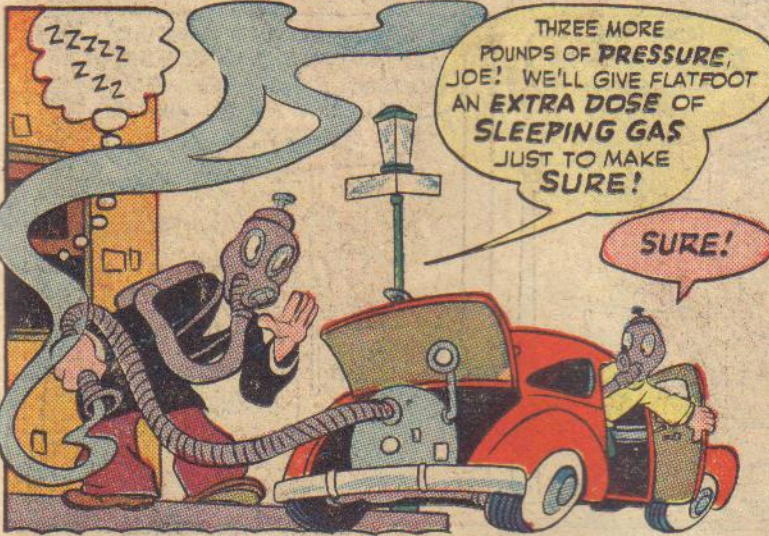
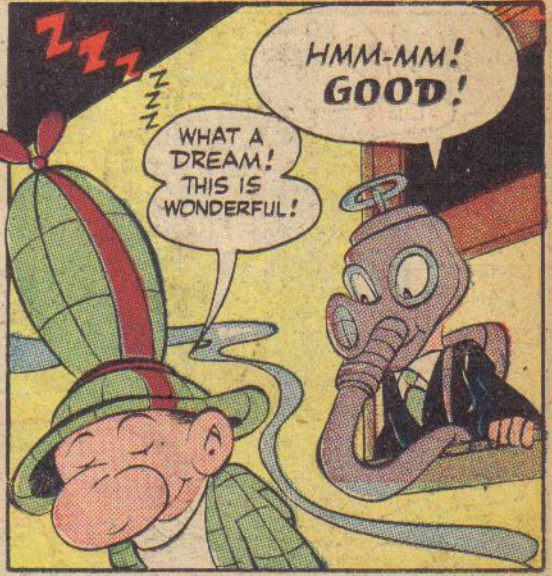


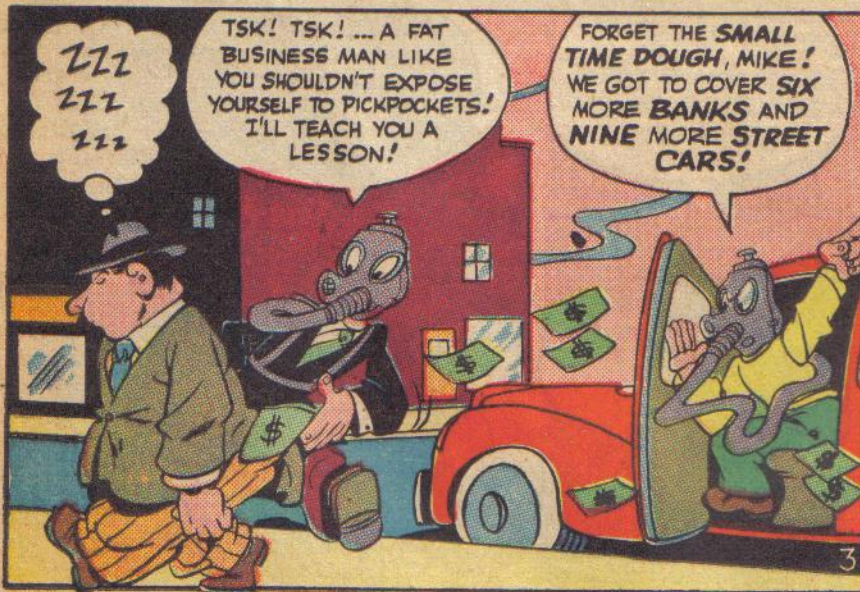
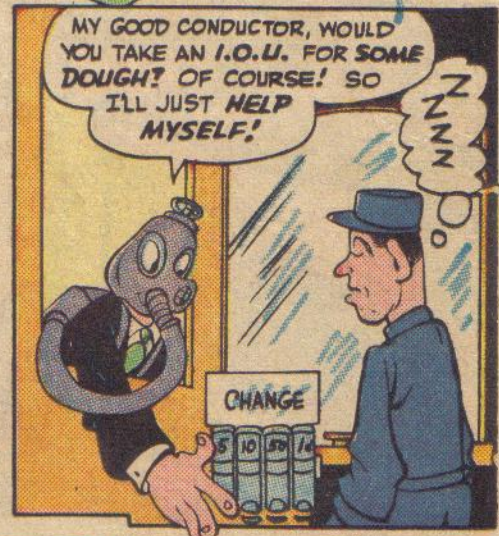
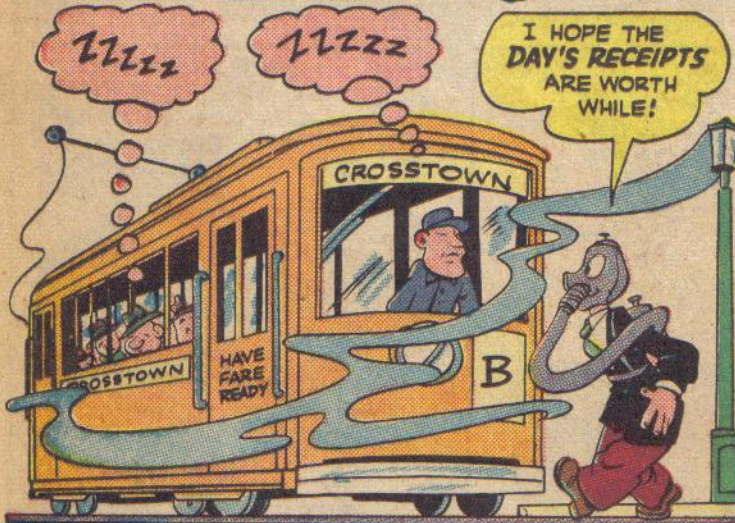
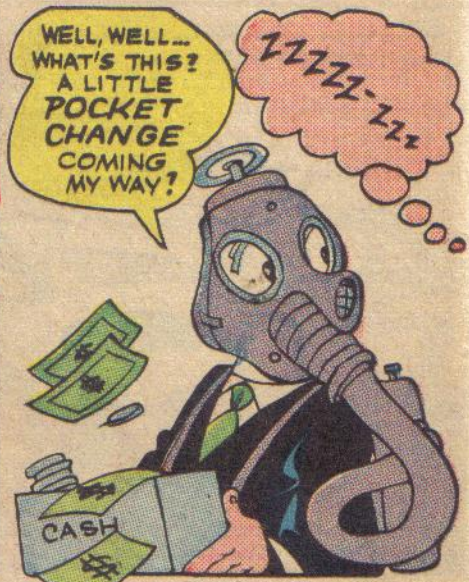
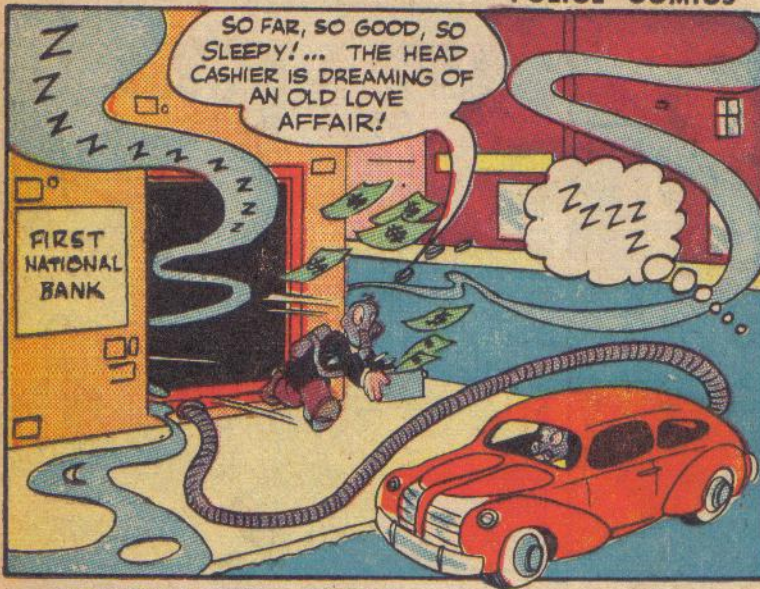












Meanwhile...

Zzzzzzz

Zzzzz...
IF... I... COULD
JUST REACH...
MY...KIT!

Zzz

FLATFOOT
KIT

FLATFOOT
KIT

IT WOULD BE SO NICE
TO KEEP ON SNORING,
BUT I HAVE A JOB
TO DO!

SO HERE
GOES!

FLATFOOT'S
OXYGEN GUN
FLATFOOT
KIT

>GULP<

WAKE UP, CHIEF! THERE'S
DIRTY WORK AFOOT -- AND
WE'VE BEEN THE
VICTIMS!

B-BUT... I--I--
THOUGHT WE
WERE JUST
TIRED!

NONSENSE! A COUPLE OF
CROOKS ARE COVERING THE
CITY WITH SLEEPING
GAS!

I GET IT! YOU'RE GOING
TO REVIVE THE CITY AND
WARN THE
CITIZENS!

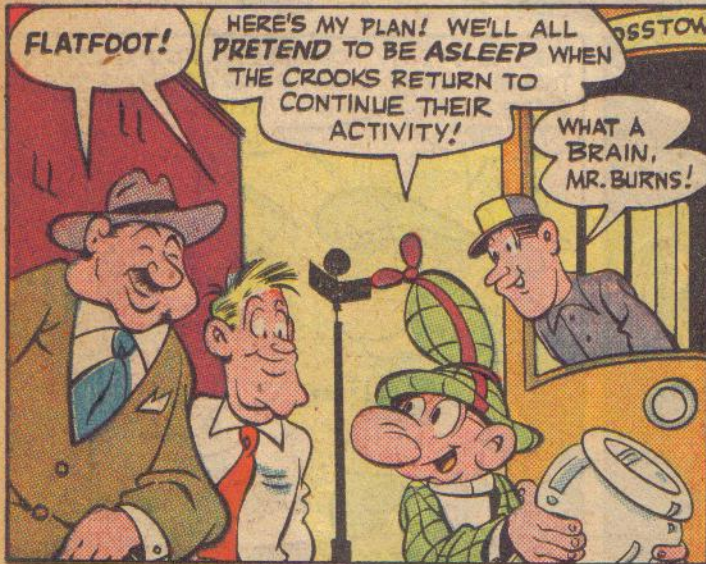
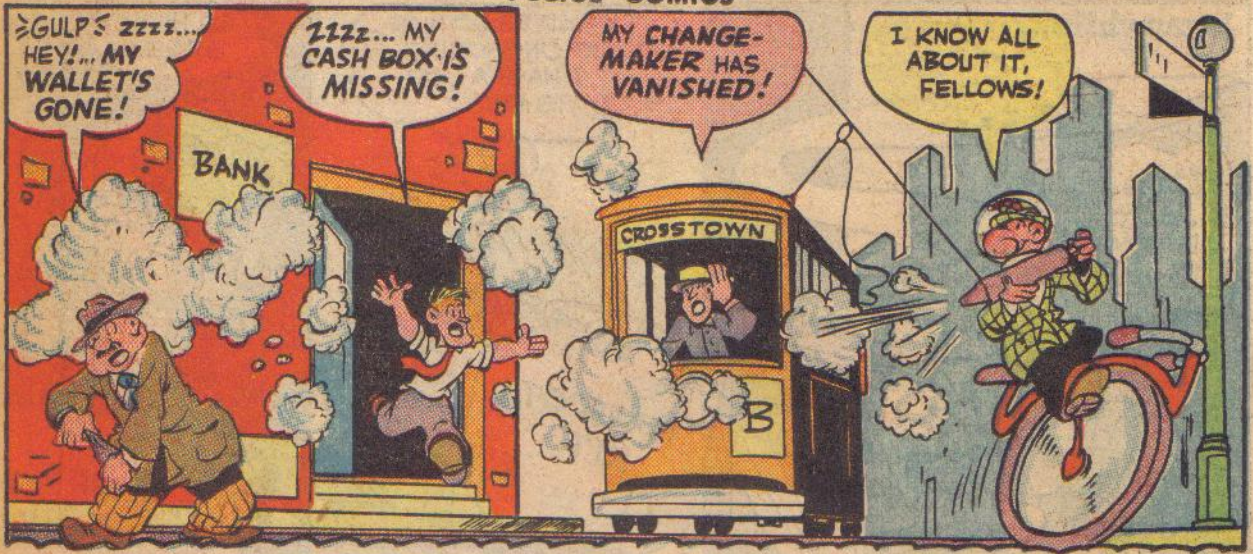
AN AMAZING DEDUCTION,
CHIEF! BUT I HAVE A
BETTER PLAN
THAN THAT!

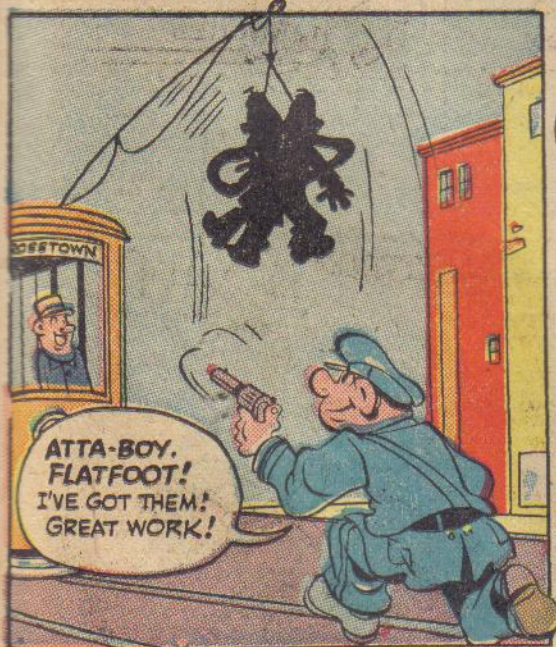
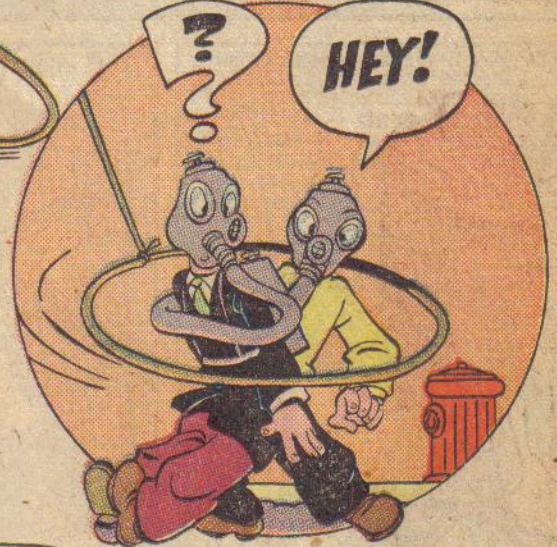
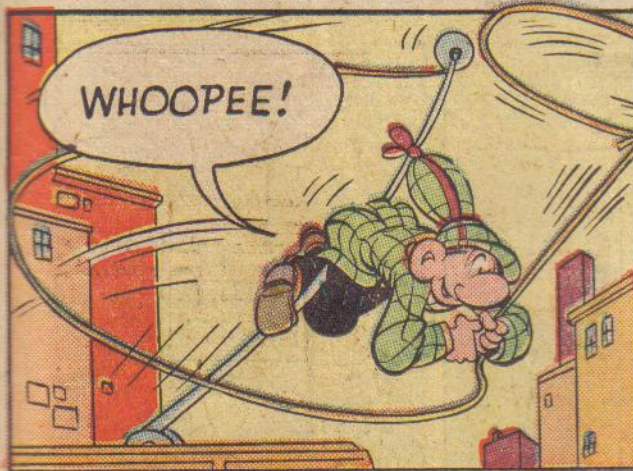
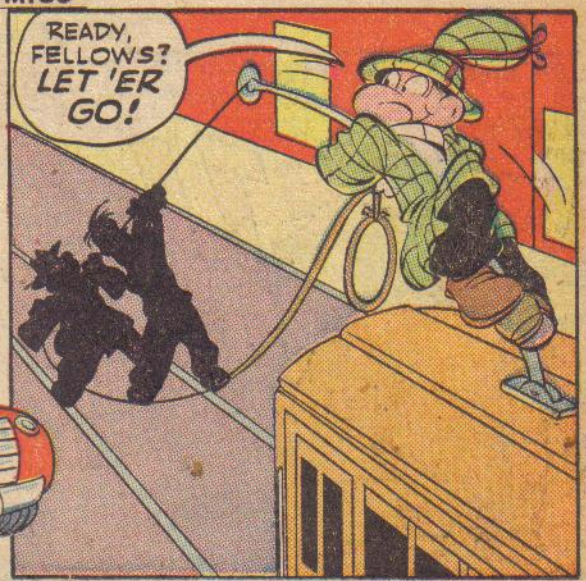
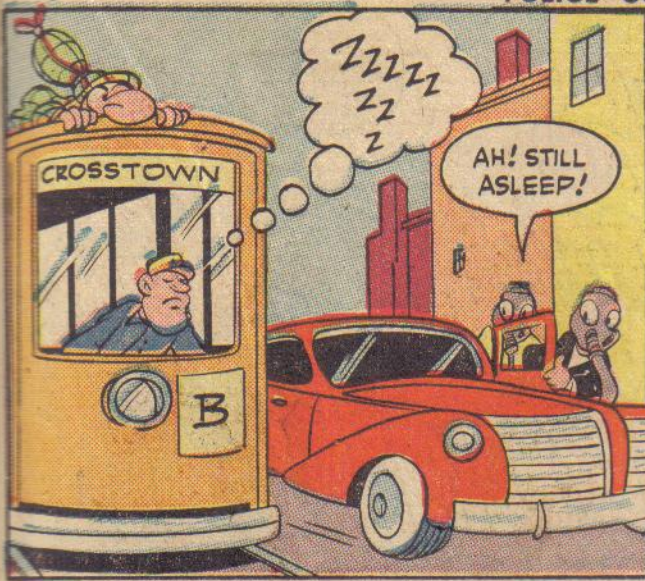
Zzzz
Zzz

AHOY,
THERE!
AWAKE!

POLICE
STATION

POLICE COMICS

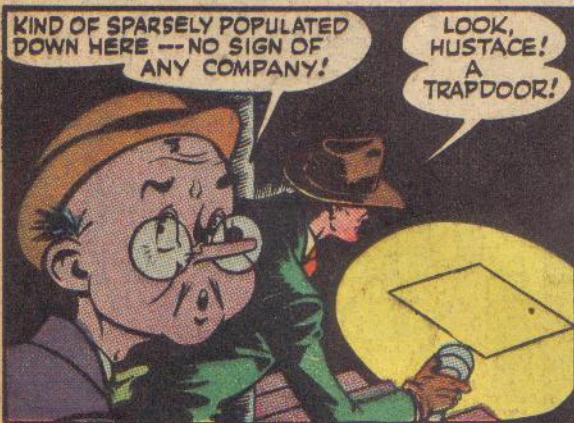
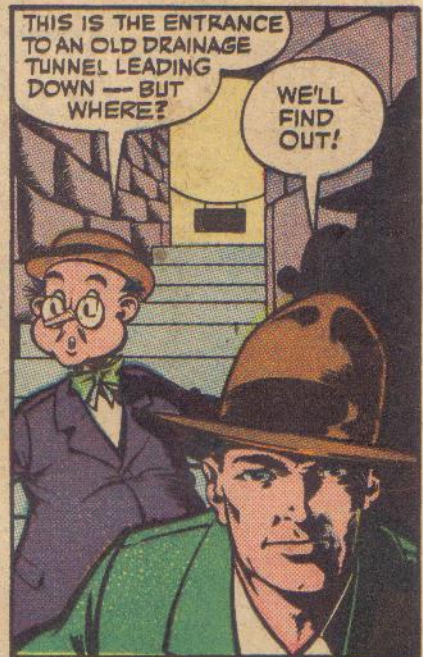
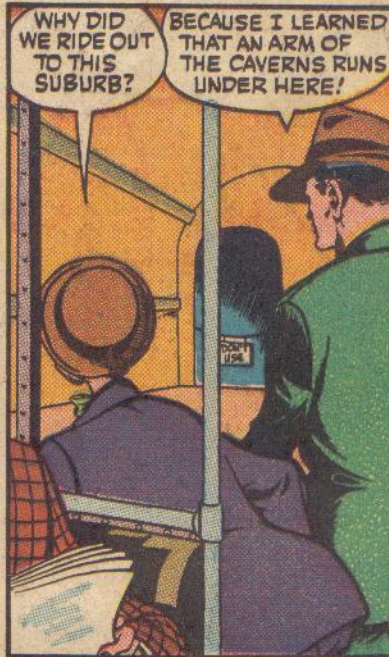


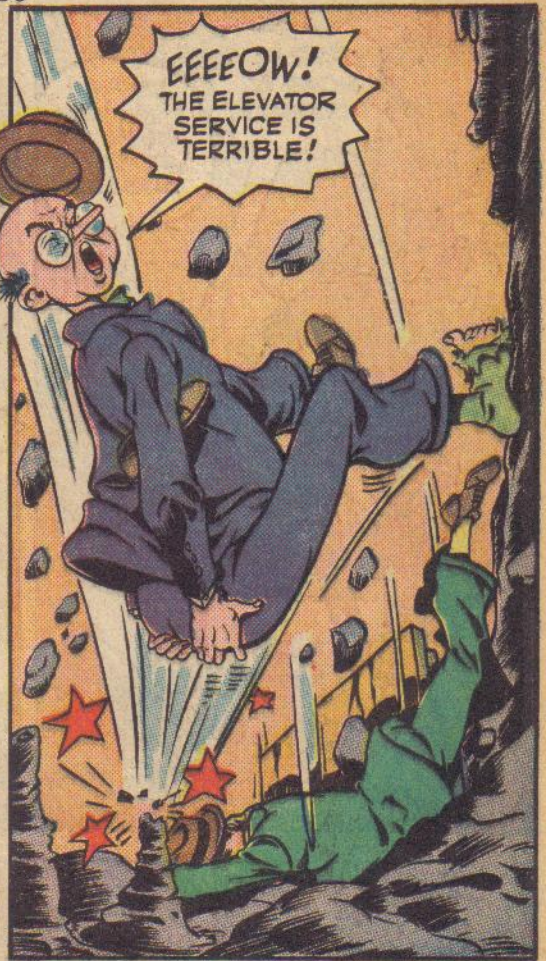




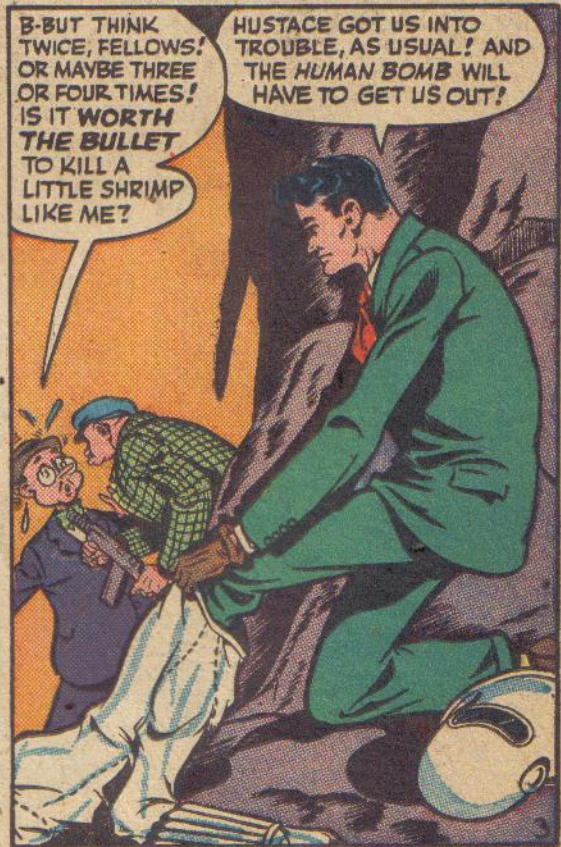
The Human Bomb

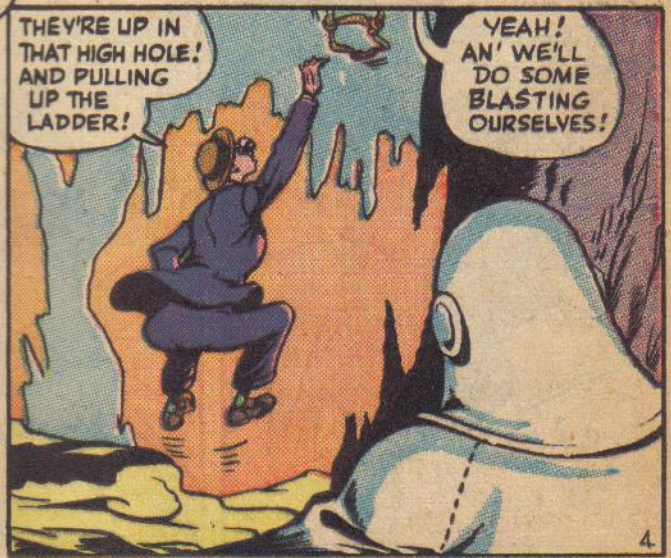
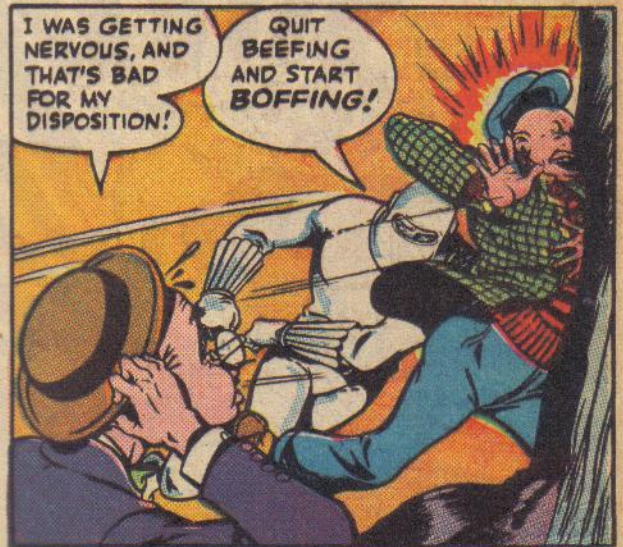
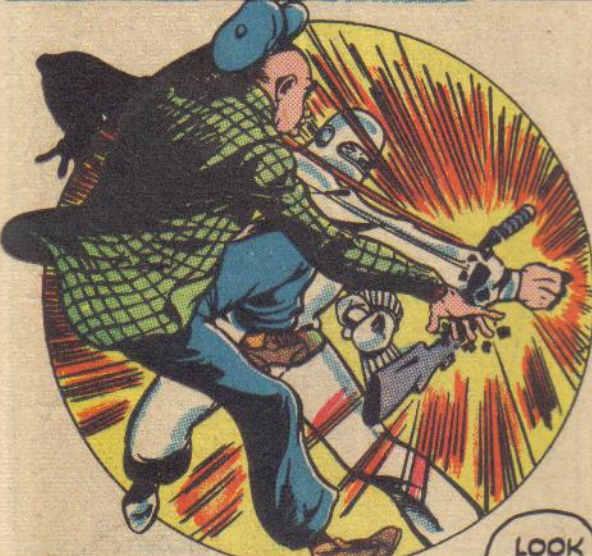
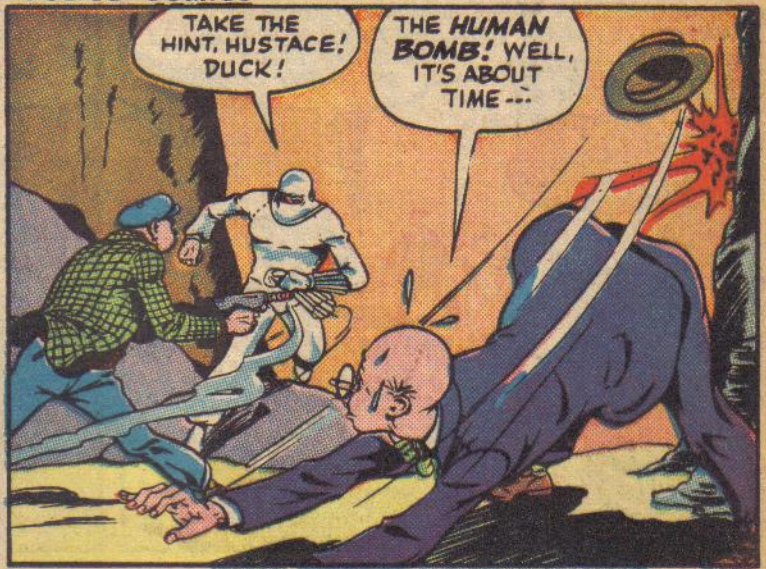
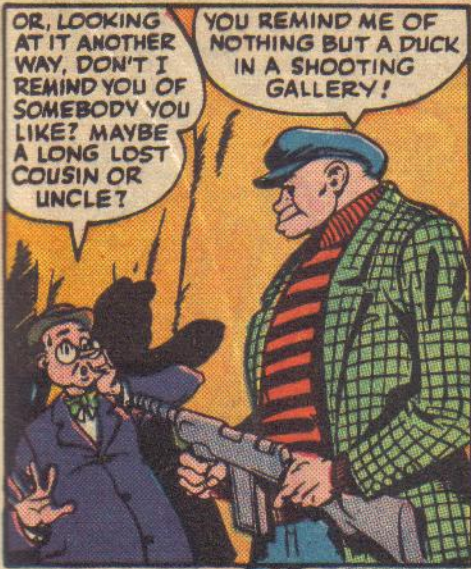
by Paul Gustavson



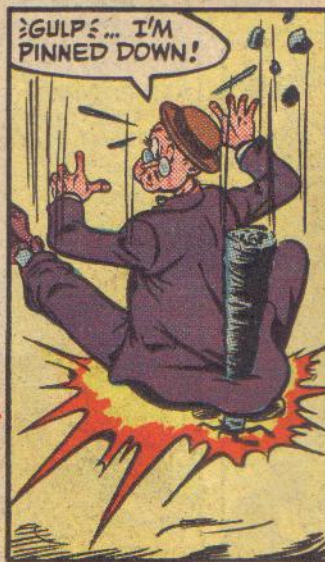
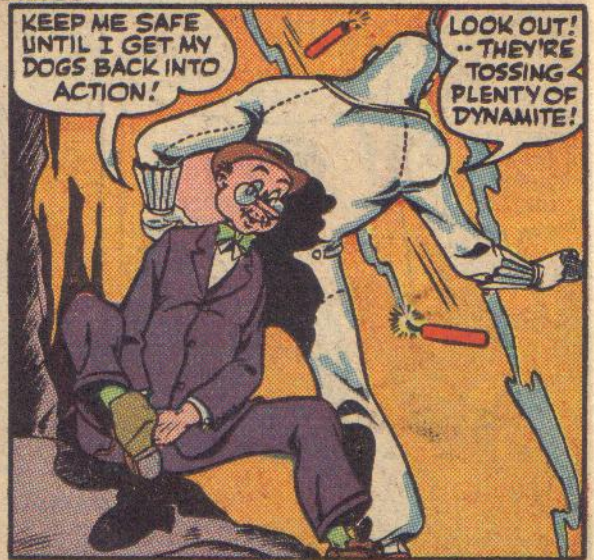


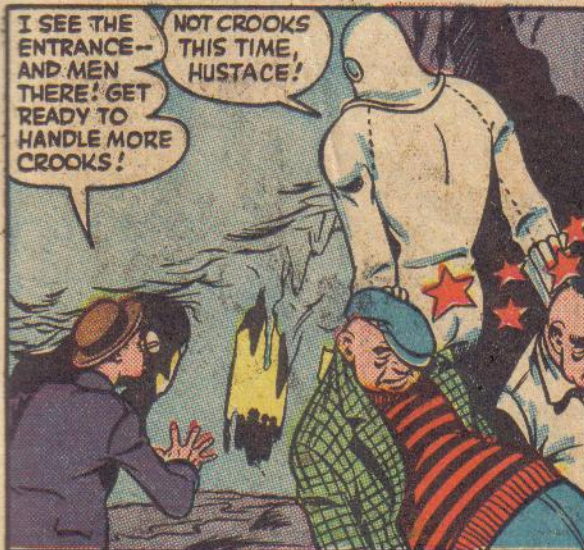
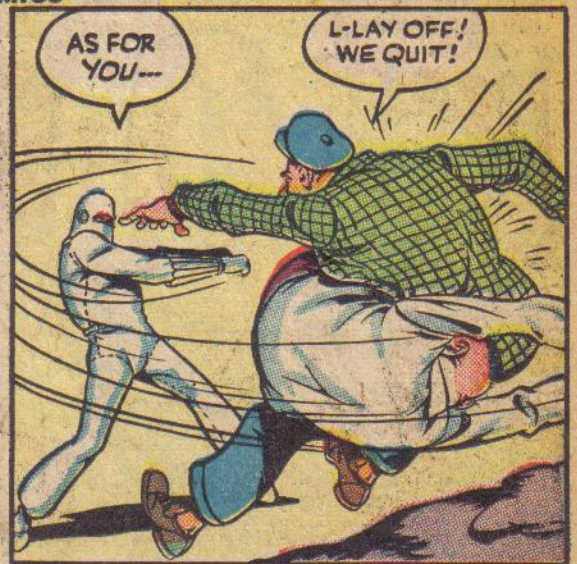
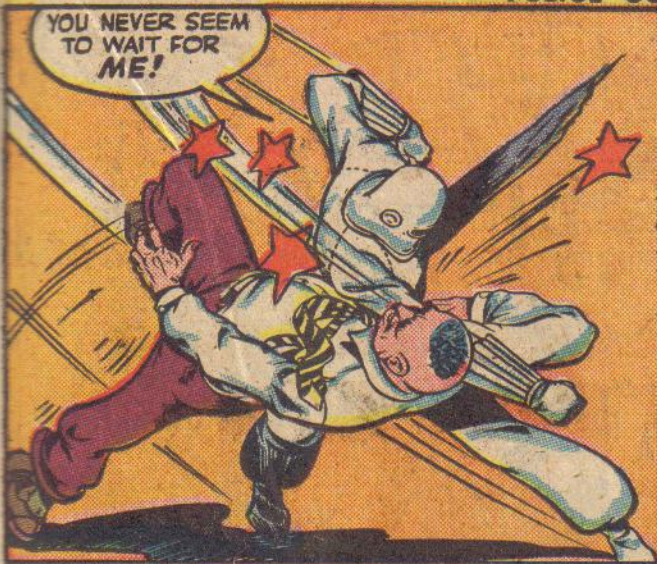
POLICE COMICS



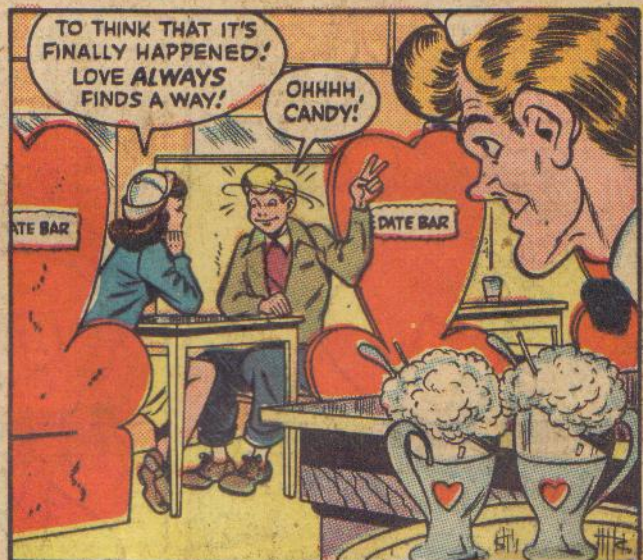
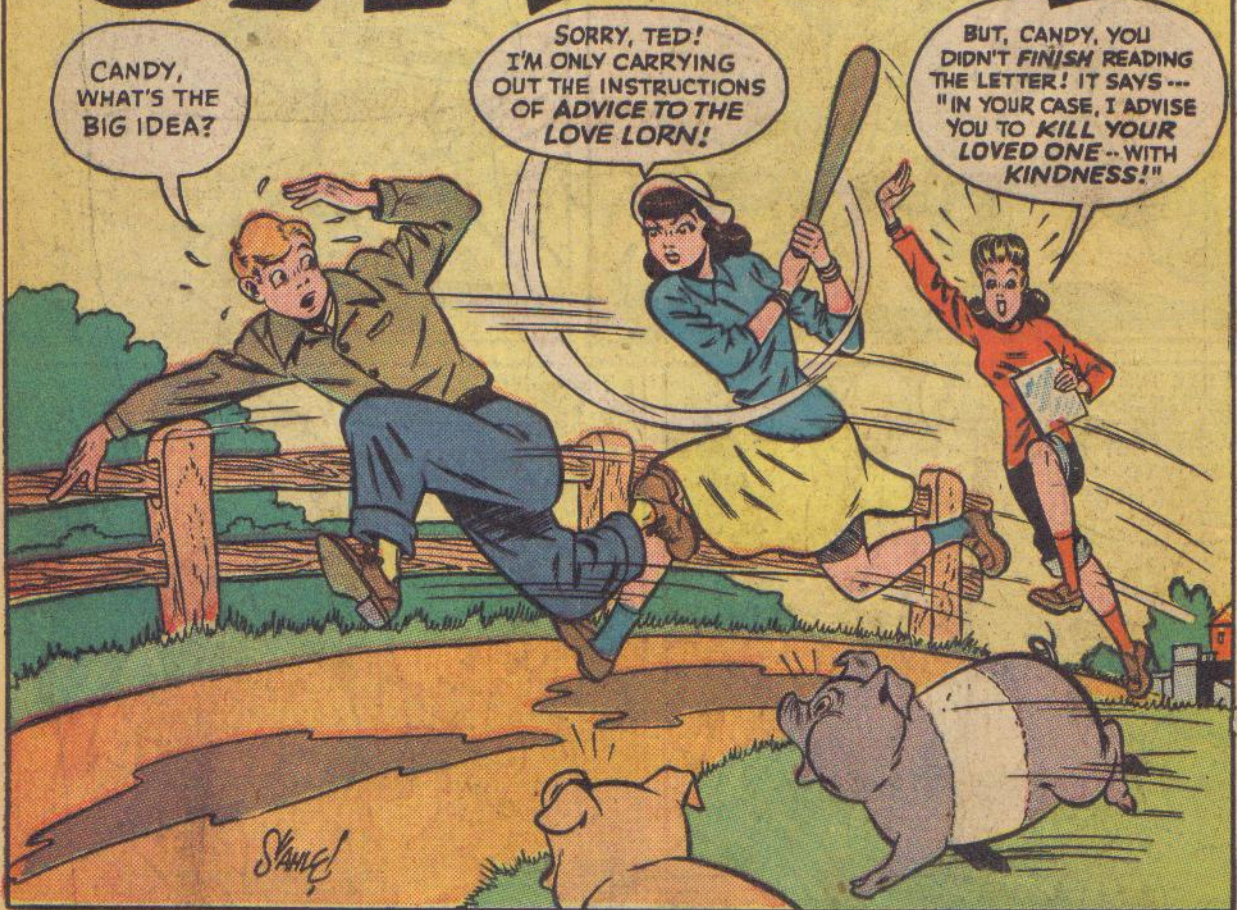


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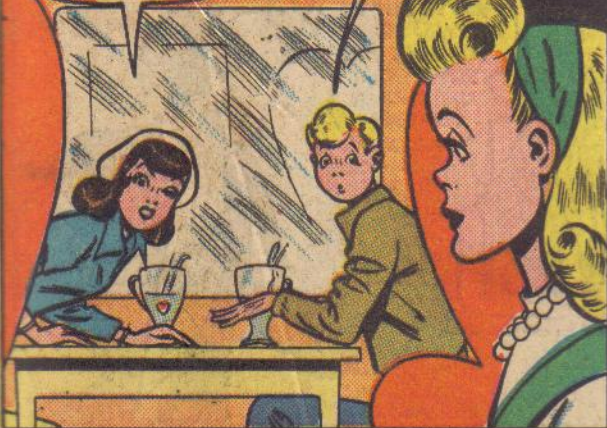


CANDY

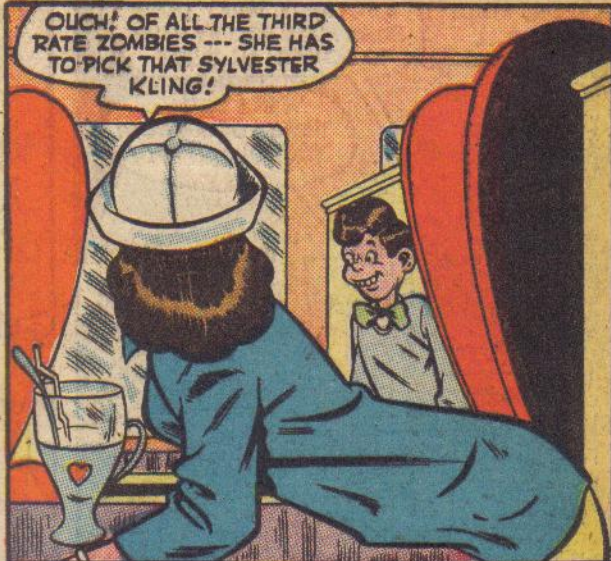


TO THINK THAT AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, SALLY KEAN HAS FINALLY FALLEN! I WONDER WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE!

BUT, CANDY, I THOUGHT---



OUCH! OF ALL THE THIRD RATE ZOMBIES --- SHE HAS TO PICK THAT SYLVESTER KLING!



HE DEFINITELY IS **NOT** HER TYPE! OH, WHAT A SLOW JOE!

WELL, THINGS SHOULD PICK UP ABOUT NOW! HERE COMES CORNELIA WITH HER CLAWS OUT!



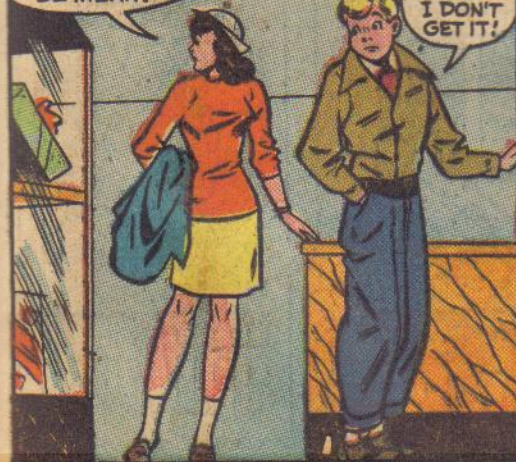
YOU CAN GIVE ME A LIFT HOME NOW, SYLVESTER! AND I THINK I'LL LET YOU TAKE ME TO THE SATURDAY HOP AT THE RED BARN TOMORROW!



THAT CREEPY VIPER! SHE PULLED THAT STUNT JUST TO BE MEAN!

BUT, CANDY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE AGAINST THE SALLY-SYLVESTER COMBINATION! I DON'T GET IT!

YOU WOULDN'T! THIS MAY LEAVE SALLY WITH A HORRIBLE INFERIORITY COMPLEX! IF ONLY---

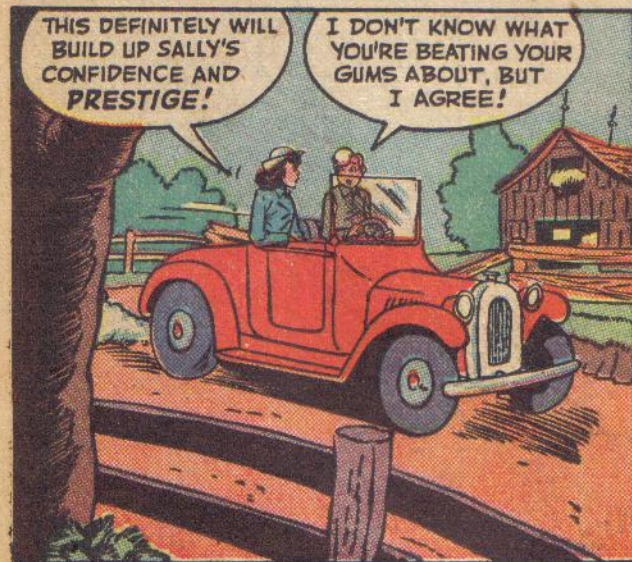
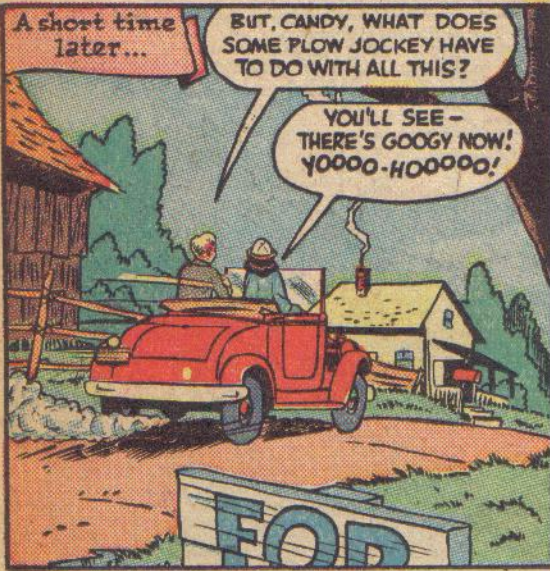


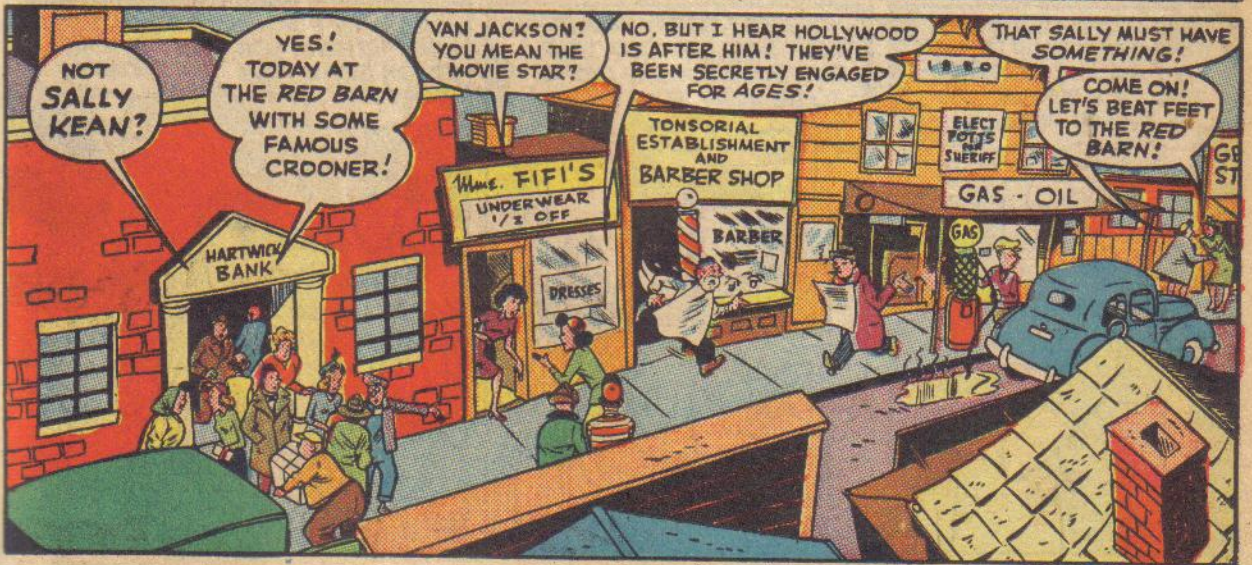
I'VE GOT IT! THERE'S THE ANSWER!

OH, BROTHER! I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S ON THE FIRE, BUT IT SURE LOOKS PLENTY HOT!

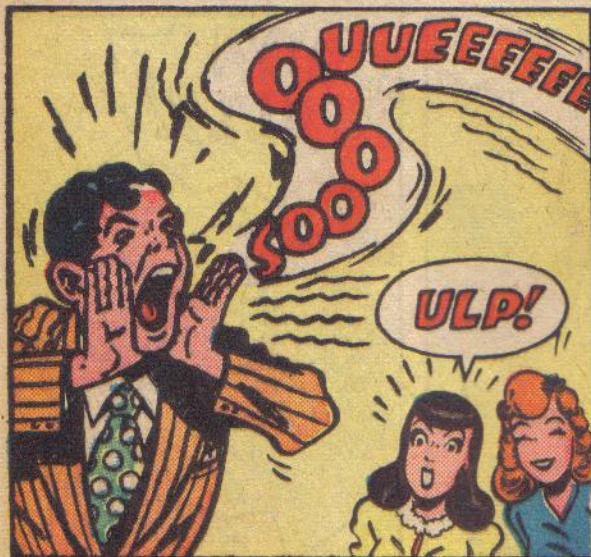


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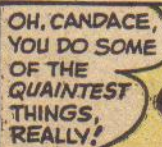


POLICE COMICS





THAT LONG, LOW NOTE
WAS THE ONE THAT WON
ME FIRST PRIZE.



WHY,
YOU-



OINK?



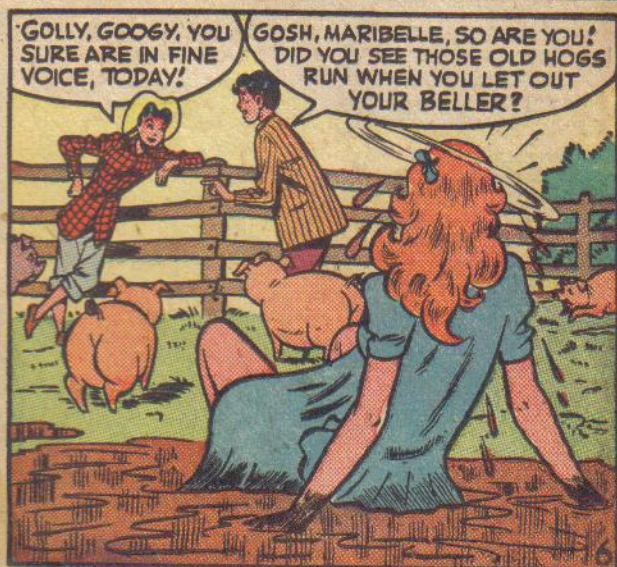
SPLASH!

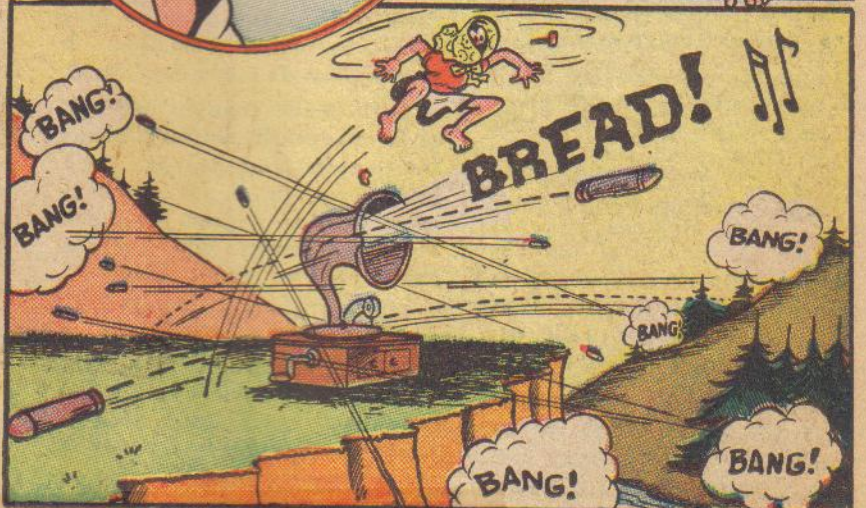
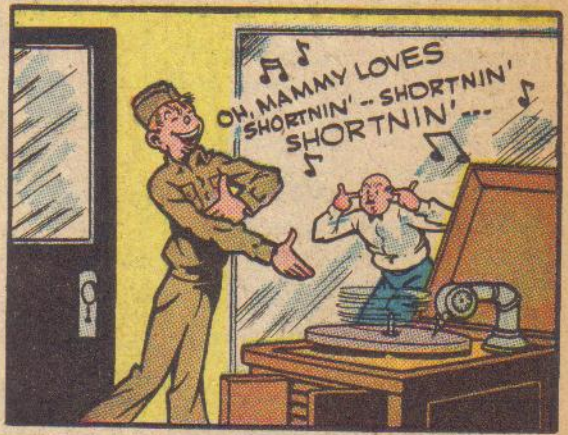
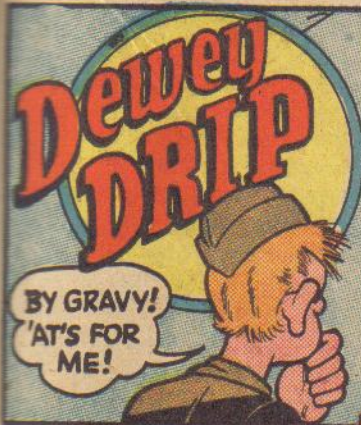
PINK!

PLOP!

GOLLY, GOOGY, YOU
SURE ARE IN FINE
VOICE, TODAY!

GOSH, MARIBELLE, SO ARE YOU?
DID YOU SEE THOSE OLD HOGS
RUN WHEN YOU LET OUT
YOUR BELLER?





DEATH AT THE HORSE SHOW

THE Las Carrillos Horse Show has been for several years one of the principal attractions of Santa Barbara. Yearly, thousands of out-of-town spectators view the great equine display.

Nobody had an inkling that balmy Sunday that tragedy hovered over the packed stands; that death lurked in the shadowy stalls where valuable thoroughbreds munched their hay and oats.

But Death was Showmaster that day, Death in a weird and mysterious guise.

It would be best to mention at this point that the two leading stables in the Santa Barbara area were the Las Lunas and the Miramonte. For a decade these two big stables had marched through every competition and taken the blue ribbons in nearly every event.

Tack Holne, of the Miramonte stables, was the sort of chap who let nothing stand in his way—not when it came to snatching the ribbons at shows. Tack was a morose, sullen fellow who didn't know the word discretion. He bucked his way through all competition, and if it looked like a tough card, Tack always found a way.

Don't get the idea that Tack was dirty. Not at all. He played it clean, but rough.

We might as well meet Juan Castillo, too. Juan was an easy-going young Mexican who supervised the doings of the Las Carrillos rancho. Everybody in town liked Juan. A sport. That labeled Juan. He lost with just as easy grace as he won.

Well, the whole thing started at the horse show, as we stated. It was a sellout, because at this time of the season the climate is superb; and many

tourists were in town.

The first several events, minor affairs, came off on schedule. There were a roping contest, bull-dogging, trick stuff, and all the regular preliminary events that characterize most similar shows.

Tack and Juan met at the small paddock during the early part of the afternoon, and exchanged a few words. Tack wanted to make a bet that his stable would make a clean sweep. Juan took him on, raising the ante a bit, just for the heck of it.

Friendly badgering, that was all.

While the people in the stands felt entirely at ease, and keenly awaited the coming big events, you might have found a tenseness in the stables. Trainers and swipes were not comfortable. Even the horses seemed to sense something amiss.

There was hushed talk, little gestures that held the unthinking oddity of mystery. Something was wrong, but nobody could have put his finger on it.

Unless you've visited Santa Barbara, and seen the horses of these stables, you have no idea what beautiful horseflesh is represented. It is the last word.

Dick Mace thought so, too, as he wandered aimlessly about the stables and stands. Dick had come to Santa Barbara specifically to witness the show. He loved horses, and knew a thing or two about them.

He had a place in the press box but preferred to stroll around, chatting with the various horse owners and others connected with the stables. Dick noticed the tenseness in the atmosphere and in the talk of the men.

"Silly," he said to himself. "I'm always imagining things. What the heck. Hope it's a good show. I think I'd like to participate in a thing like this."

The announcer was calling a number as Dick went up the ramp toward his box.

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have now the big treat of the occasion. I need not introduce to you our great rivals for the honors, Juan Castillo and Tack Holne—And now, friends, the next spectacle is a race between those two old track rivals, Brick Top and Bamba. . . . Let 'er go!"

The two horses tore away from the starting line, Brick Top, owned by Tack Holne, slightly in the lead.

Dick watched the great-hearted animals pound around the arena, Bamba creeping up fast. When they were neck and neck, Bamba's rider began hauling on the reins in a strange manner. Then he catapulted into the air as the big palomino somersaulted and crashed on the track.

A yell went up from the stands and people stood up, horror on their faces. Bamba lay still, after twitching for a moment. His rider painfully got to his feet and began dusting himself off.

Dick was out of the box and running across the arena almost before anyone else had started.

"I don't know what happened to him," the rider said. "He just suddenly seemed to hunch his back—and the next thing I knew, I was off him."

The vet was inspecting the fallen horse.

"Dead," he reported. "Must have had a heart attack."

POLICE COMICS

Dick knew this happened sometimes to the best of horses. They burst their hearts from too much straining to win. But somehow he felt there was something wrong here. Bamba had not run far enough; he was certainly not straining because his competitor had not been keen enough.

Tack Holne and Juan Castillo discussed the matter in quiet voices. There was nothing they could do.

Dick left them and strolled back to the stables where all the horses were kept. He paid particular attention to the horses belonging to the two famous stables. Nothing seemed amiss.

It was while he was turning a corner into a narrow land between the two opposing stables that he heard quiet voices.

"Listen, you," came the rasping voice of a man. "I told you what to do and you'd better do it. What'dya think I'm payin' you for?"

The other voice carried a note of fright. "But, Suly, this is awful. That Bamba horse was worth a heap of cash. If Juan gets wise—"

"Shut up!" snarled the man named Suly. "He ain't gonna get wise. As for you, don't forget that I can have you pitched into the big house with one word to the D. A. You'd better play ball. . . . There goes the bell for the next event. Get in there and do what I told you!"

It was enough for Dick Mace. Dirty work was going on, that was a cinch. But who and what for? Someone had deliberately killed Bamba. For what?

Dick watched a dark-visaged man saunter out of a stall and hurry off. That would be Suly, he figured. He strode into the stall. A slim chap was just putting oats into the box of a big sorrel, named Jill.

Dick said, "Is this horse in the event?"

The swipec nodded. "Yeah, she goes out the next event. . . . Yer not supposed to be in here, mister. So scram!"

"Take it easy," warned Dick. "I don't know where you fit in here, but I overheard your conversation with Suly. What's the deal? I know you killed Bamba. Give out, fellow, or you're on your way to the big house!"

The swipec turned a shade of green and bolted for the open. Dick grabbed for him, but missed. The fellow got away.

And just at that time the announcer called the next event. It was a trick of considerable interest. Two Lancers were mounted on a black owned by Holne, and a bay belonging to Juan Castillo. They faced each other at opposite sides of the field. The idea was to charge toward the middle of the arena and, with long lances, try to spear a banner of paper dangling from each saddle.

Dick arrived just as the horses began their headlong dash at each other. When they were about fifty yards apart, Juan's bay screamed and crashed on its face, tossing the rider twenty feet ahead. The bay rolled over and lay still.

Again pandemonium reigned in the stands. This was too much. Two Castillo horses in one afternoon. Even the crowds sensed dirty work now.

Dick grabbed the vet by the lapels and hurried him back to the stables and into the stall where the sorrel, Jill, stood.

"This is the next one," he said. "We may be too late." He told the doctor what had happened between the swipec and the chap named Suly.

The vet was astounded. He knew the swipec. "We must nail him," he said. "Come on, Mr. Mace!"

They ran to the announcer's stand and whispered to him. The next instant the police around the arena were warned to pick up the swipec and the man, Suly. They got the swipec, but Suly had flown the coop.

The press was in a frenzy. Nothing like this had ever happened before. What was the story? Dick told them.

"I've been on the watch for this chap, Suly, for some time," he explained. "I trailed him across the country. He's got a sweet racket. Gets something on a swipec—a lot of 'em have something to hide. He makes them poison a horse or two by threats of exposure."

"But what's the deal?" demanded one of the reporters.

"This," said Dick. "Suly is part of a combine. He and his clique make a huge bet on a horse or two at various shows—where they've carefully paved the way. They always have takers aplenty. Suly had bet twenty thousand on Tack Holne's horses. They had to win, you see!"

One of the newsmen swore. "But the winning horses will be disqualified. What good will it do them?"

Dick smiled. "That's where Suly and his mob made a mistake. This swipec didn't get the directions correctly. He was supposed to feed the horses a little carbon dioxide—enough to put 'em out temporarily, make 'em falter when they began running. The swipec dumped a handful of Co₂ into their oats. It killed them."

At that moment the phone in the press box rang.

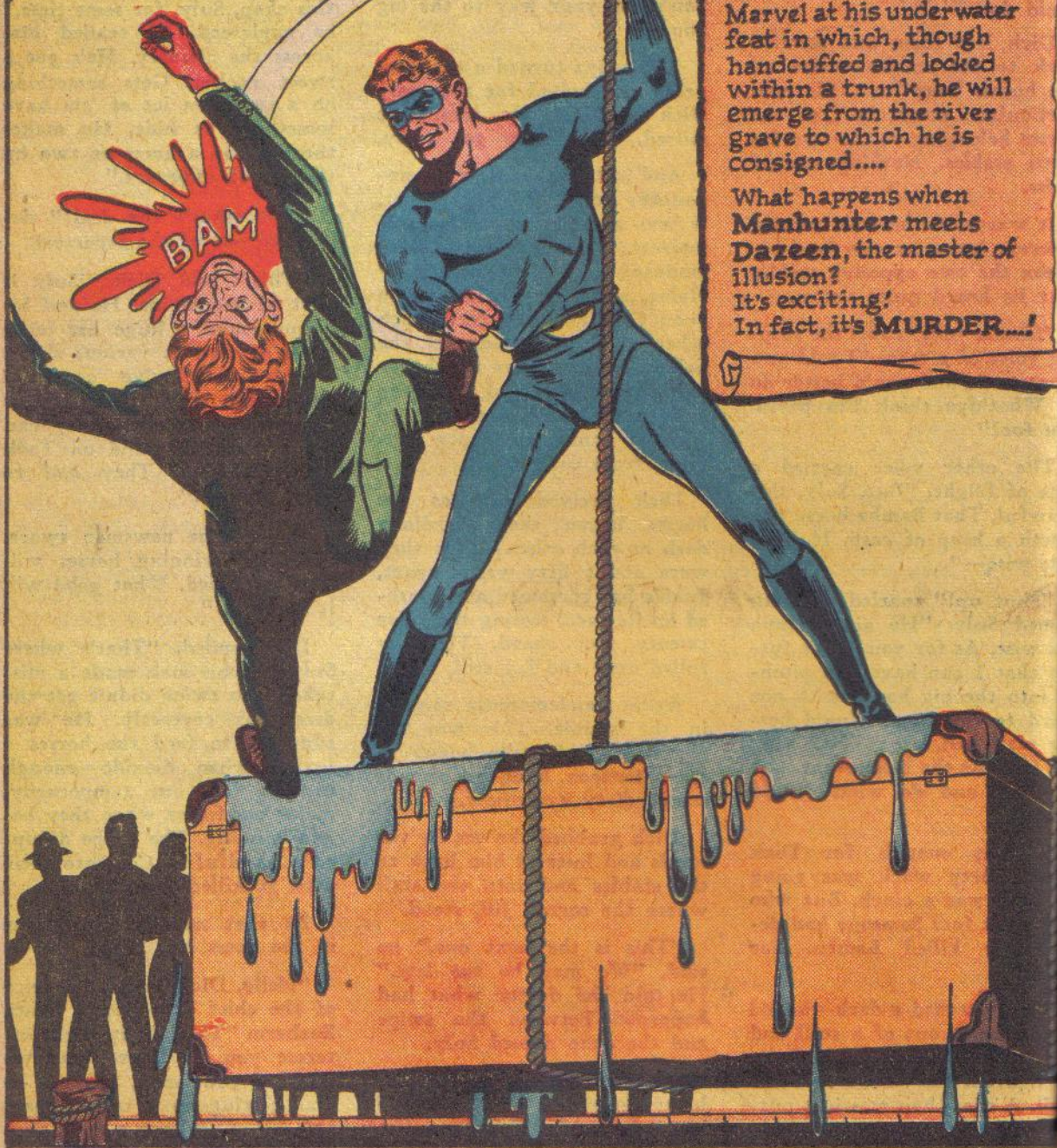
"Hello, Dick," said the voice of the chief of police of Santa Barbara. "Thought it might interest you to know that we grabbed your man, Suly, as he was getting on a train. Yeah, he's going to have a long time to figure out a better scheme."

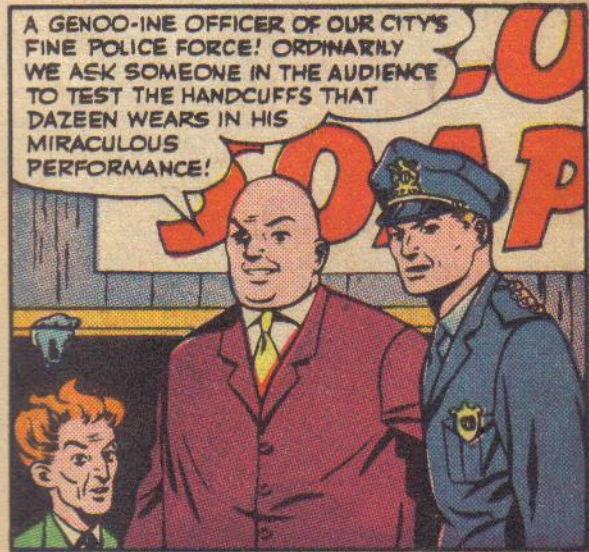
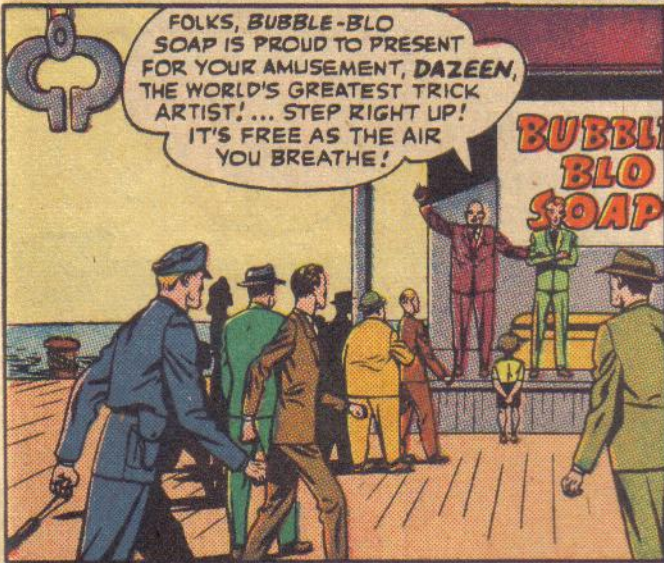
Manhunter

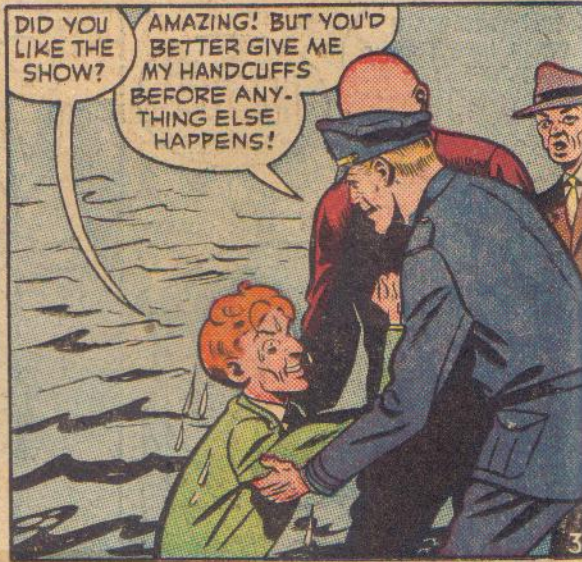
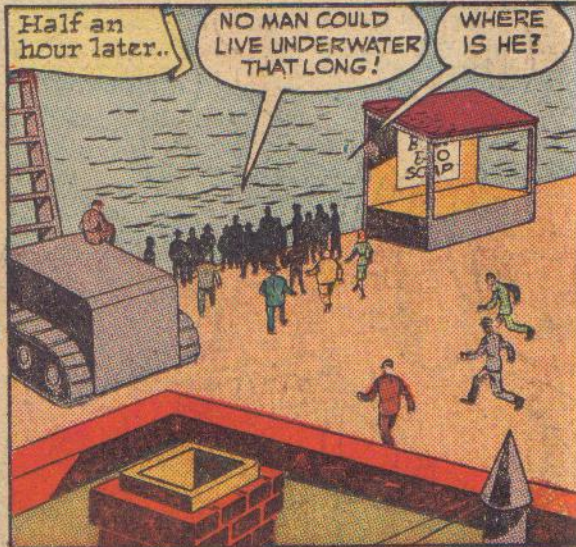
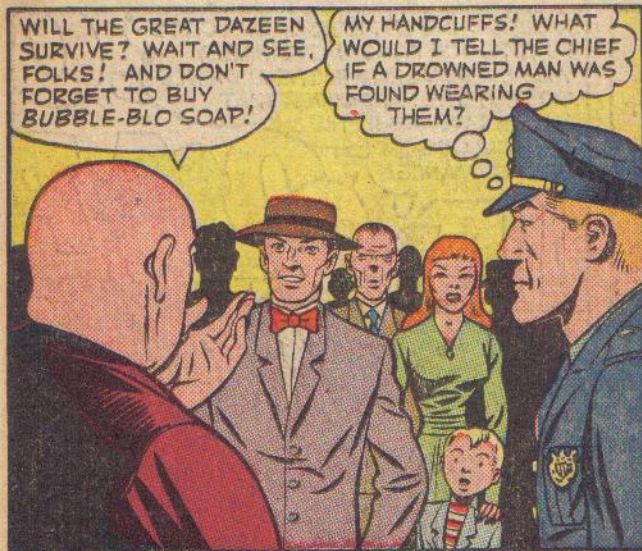
Step right this way, folks!
Meet the greatest escape
artist since Houdini!

Marvel at his underwater
feat in which, though
handcuffed and locked
within a trunk, he will
emerge from the river
grave to which he is
consigned....

What happens when
Manhunter meets
Dazeen, the master of
illusion?
It's exciting!
In fact, it's **MURDER....!**







Later, when patrolman Richards reports to the station house --

YOU BRICK-HEADED NUMBSKULL! WHAT KIND OF SAWDUST DO YOU STUFF BETWEEN YOUR EARS?

IS SOMETHING WRONG?

POLICE STATION

A GUY WAS MURDERED IN YOUR BEAT --- THAT'S ALL! HOMICIDE HAS A MAN OVER THERE NOW! GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR LEGS!

OKAY!



EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO ME-- WHEN I'M SOMEWHERE ELSE! LUCKY THE SERGEANT DIDN'T ASK ME WHERE I WAS!



At the murder scene...

WHAT MAKES YOU SO SURE YOU KNOW THE MURDERER?

BECAUSE HE IS STANDING IN THIS ROOM!

THAT'S WHY I ASKED YOU TO ARREST HIM AND BRING HIM HERE! HE KILLED MY FIANCE!

THAT'S... CHOKED... DAZEN!

HE WANTED TO MARRY ME! WHEN I REFUSED HIM, HE SWORE HE'D KILL ANY MAN I EVER CARED FOR!

YOU LYING LITTLE CHEAT!

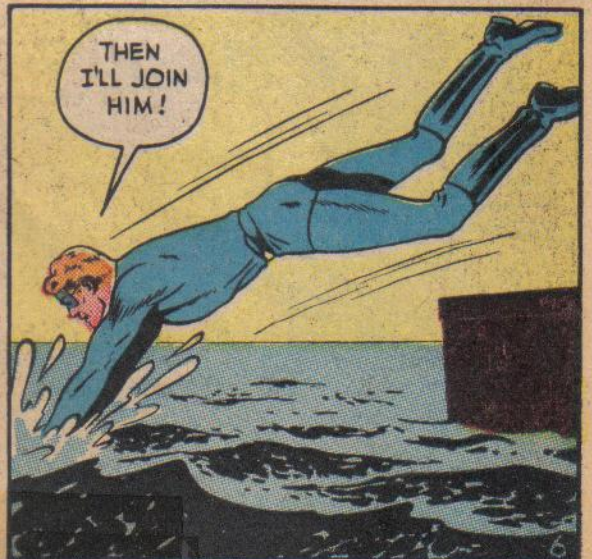
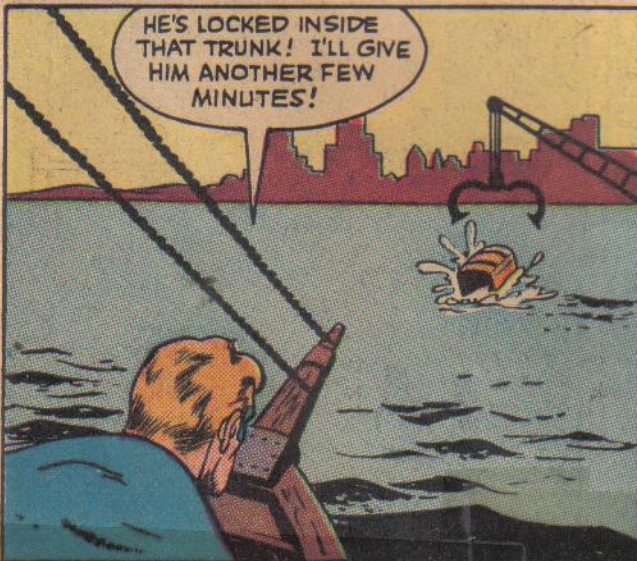
YOU CAN'T ACCUSE ME!

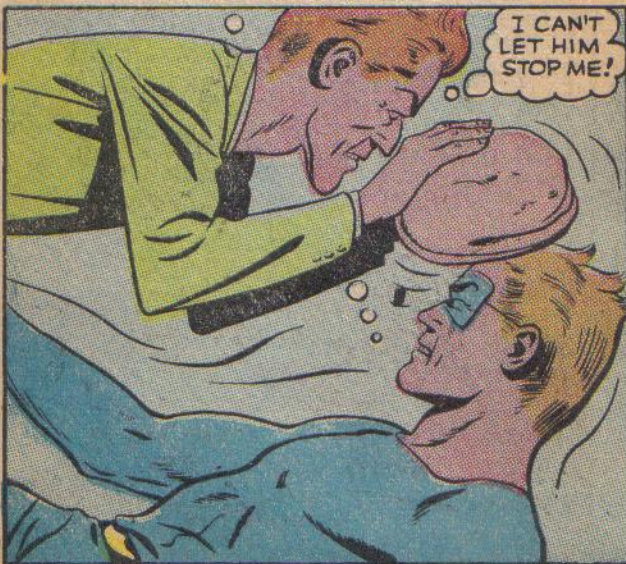
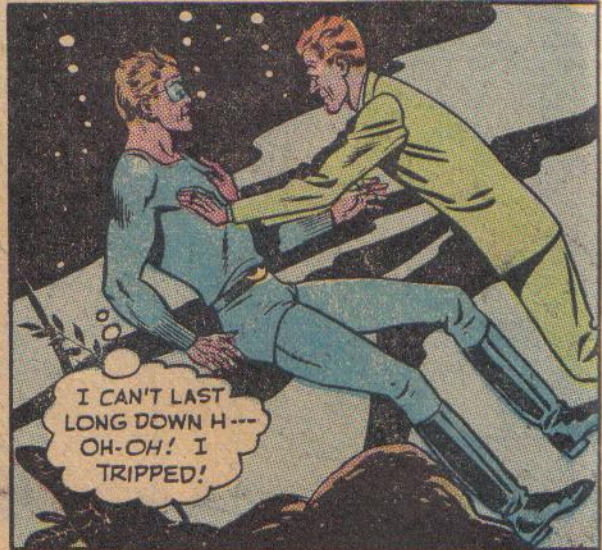
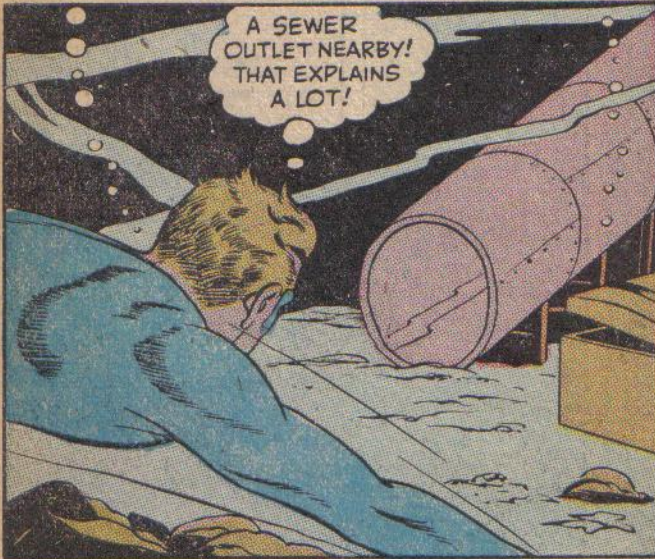
TAKE IT EASY!

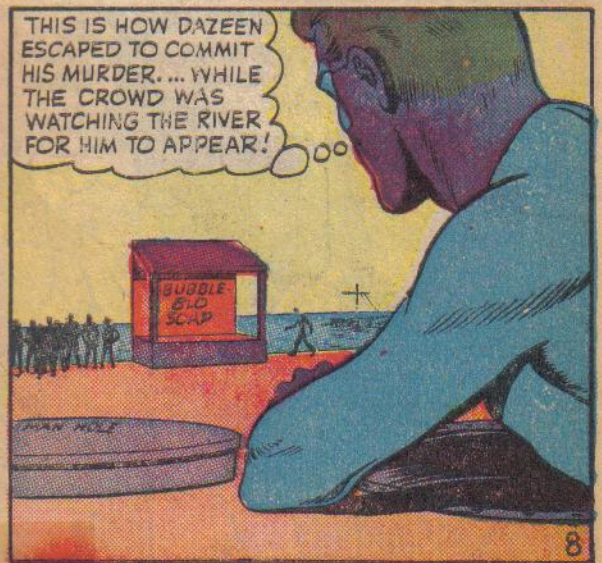
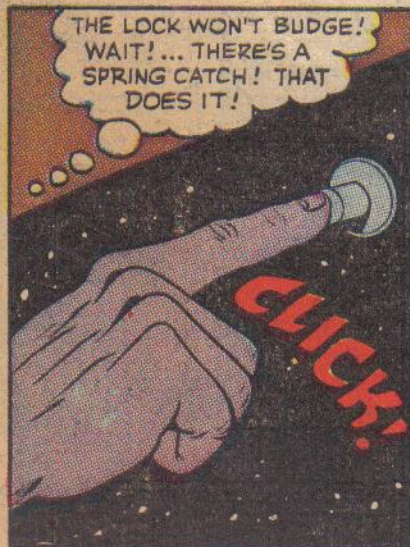
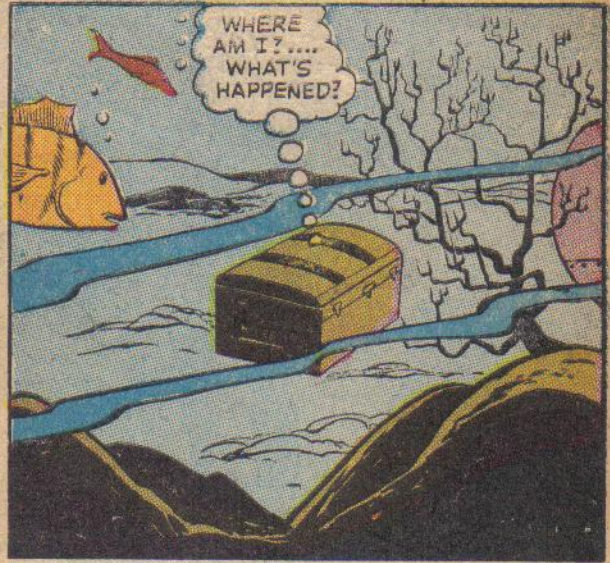
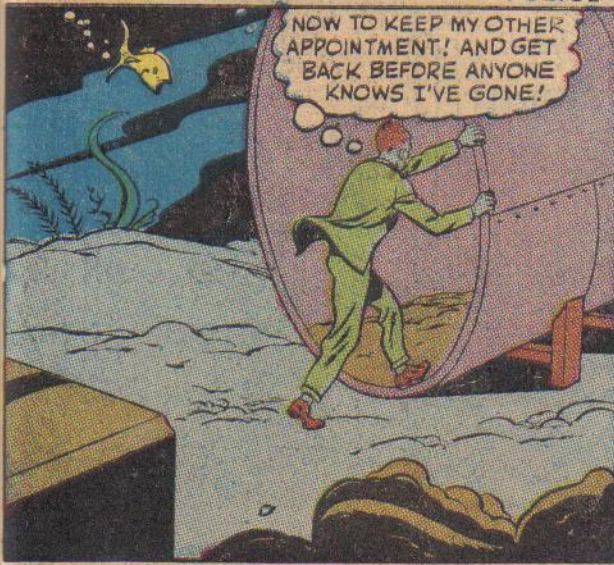
POLICE COMICS

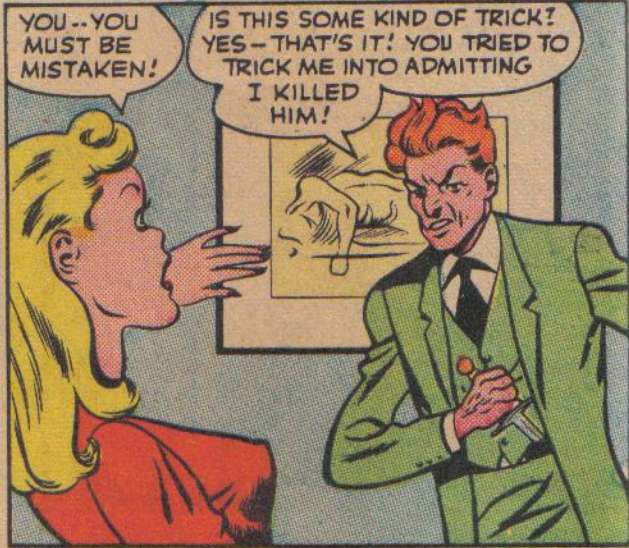


POLICE COMICS









YOU DIDN'T KNOW
THAT I'M A MAGICIAN,
TOO!

SOX!

I MUST SHOW YOU HOW TO
GET OUT OF A LOCKED
CELL SOMEDAY!

UGH!!!

CALL THE POLICE! TELL
THEM WE'VE GOT A MURDERER
FOR THEM, BUT NOT TO
BOTHR BRINGING HANDCUFFS!

THIS IS ONE CASE WHERE
HANDCUFFS WOULDN'T DO
ANY GOOD! HE CAN SLIP
THEM ON AND OFF LIKE
A PAIR OF GLOVES!

A short time later--

MANHUNTER PROVED THAT
GUY DAZEEN WAS GUILTY!
THE NEXT TIME YOU ALBI
A MURDERER, RICHARDS,
I'LL...

BETTER
ANSWER THE
PHONE,
SARGE!

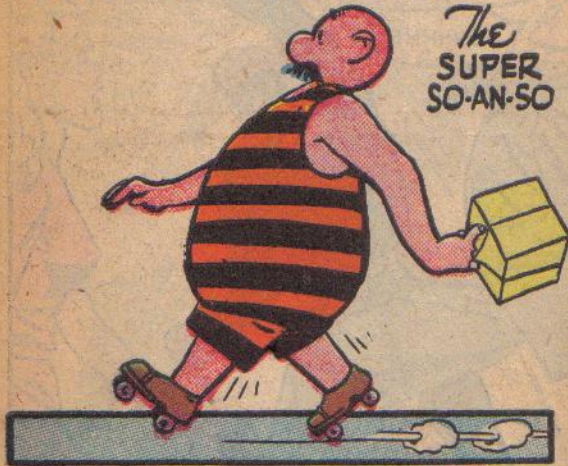
-RING!

HURRY DOWN TO THE
RIVER FRONT! RIOT
CALL! THAT CROWD IS
STILL WAITING FOR
DAZEEN TO COME UP!
AND THEY WON'T LEAVE
UNTIL HE DOES!

LOOKS LIKE I WASN'T
THE ONLY ONE FOOLED
BY DAZEEN, SARGE! I'LL
GET ON THE JOB RIGHT
AWAY!

BURP THE TWERP

The
SUPER
SO-AN-SO



THE BOSS GIVES ME
A BIGGER PACKAGE
TO DELIVER EVERY
TIME I GO BACK!



NEXT!

AN
ANVIL!



THIS IS
RIDICULOUS!
I CAN'T EVEN
BUDGE IT!

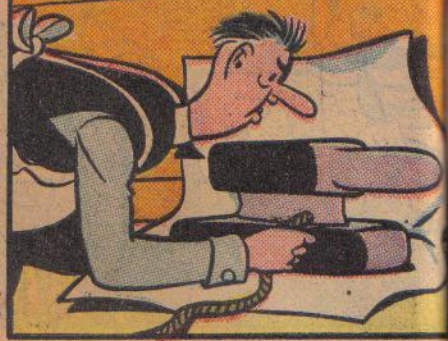


OKAY... FORGET IT!
DELIVER THIS AND
I'LL PACK UP SOME
MORE!

THAT'S
BETTER!



LAZY...
THAT'S WHAT
HE IS! I'LL
FIX HIM!



NOW TO WRAP UP
THIS EMPTY BOX
FOR MRS. PLOTS!



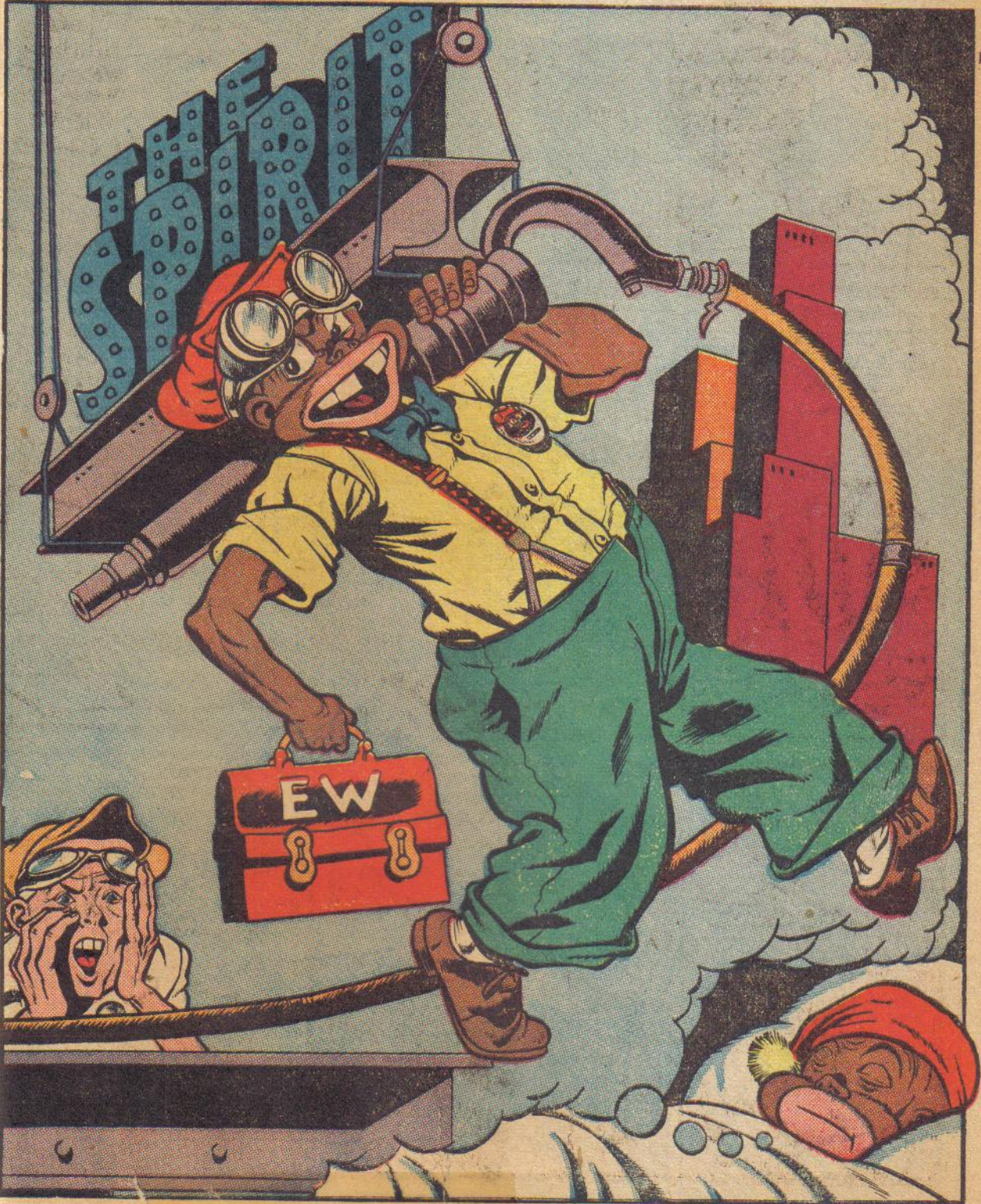
DELIVER EITHER ONE
OF THOSE TWO AND
CALL IT A DAY!



HE THOUGHT
I'D TAKE THE
BIG
ONE!

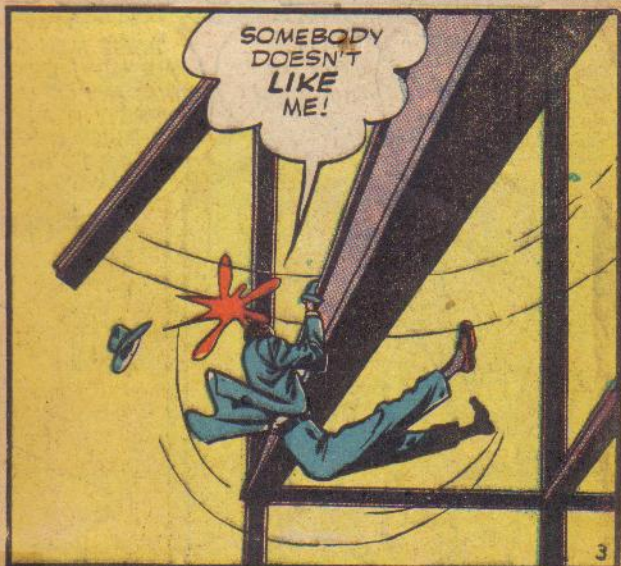
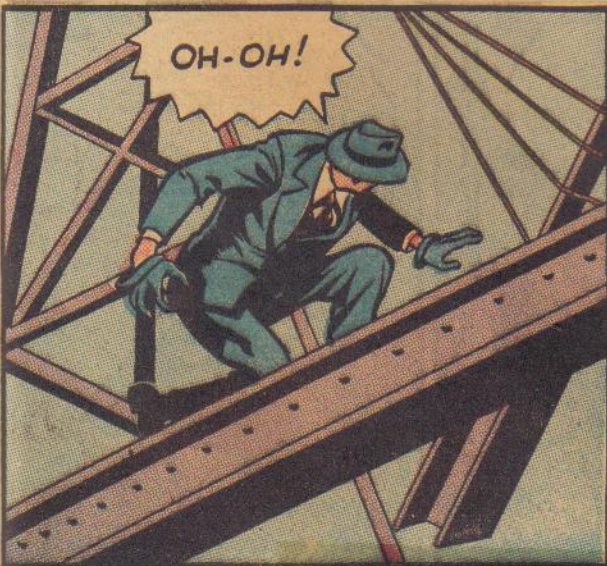
HA!

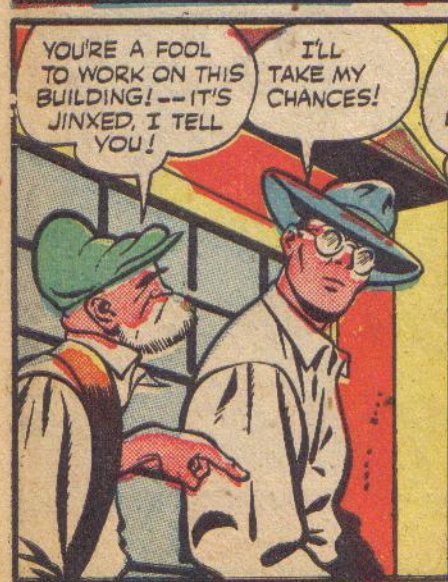




POLICE COMICS









GOOD GRIEF!

I TOLD YOU SO! YOU'D BETTER QUIT THIS JOB WHILE YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!



THAT NIGHT, AN INQUISITIVE FLASHLIGHT MOVES ALONG THE STEEL RIBS OF THE SKELETON BUILDING

WHUT YO' ALL LOOKIN' FO, 'MIST' SPIRIT BOSS?



I FOUND IT!... THE CABLE THAT SNAPPED THIS AFTERNOON!

M-MIST' SPIRIT BOSS! DOES YO' HEAR WHUT AH IS HEARING?



SOUNDS LIKE DIGGING! COME ON, EBONY!

Y-YASSUH! AH'S COMIN'-- BUT MAH FEET KNOWS BETTER! DEY WANTS TO GO ELSEWHERE!



HELLO!... HAVE YOU STRUCK OIL?



UNFRIENDLY CHAP, ISN'T HE? WHAT'S THAT CLICKING NOISE?

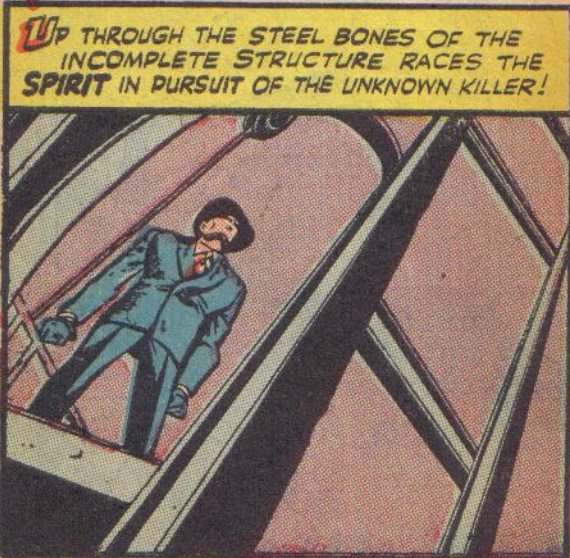
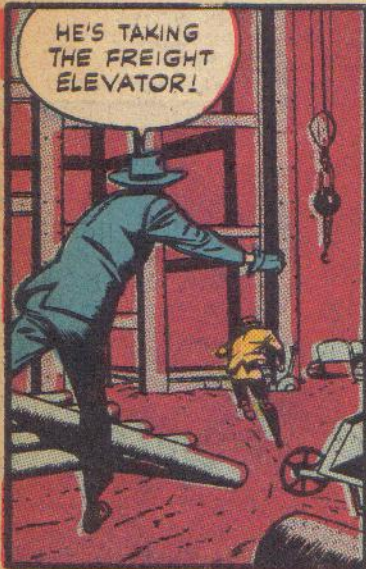
DAT'S MAH TEETH!

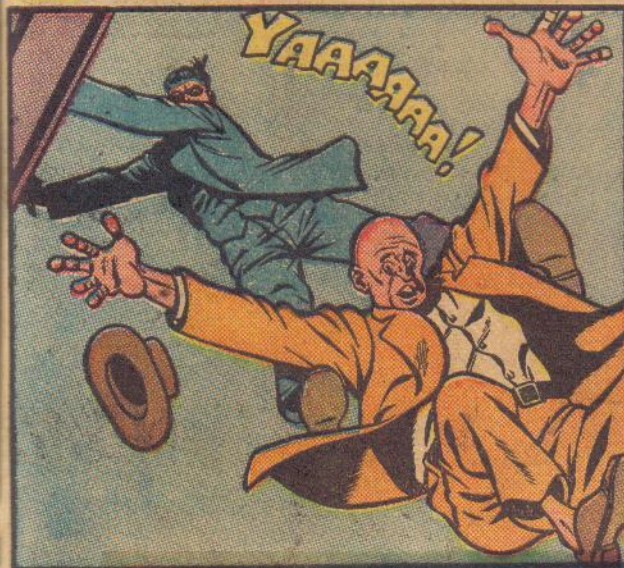
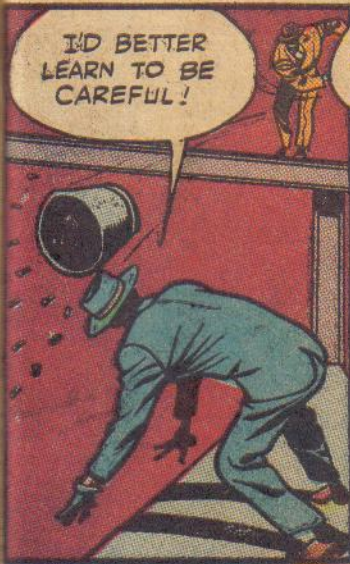
BAM! BAM!



STAY HERE, EBONY!

AH DON NEED NO PERSUADIN'!







WHAT... ?



EBONY!

AH DON' FEEL SO GOOD!



DON'T FAINT NOW! -- WAIT UNTIL WE GET DOWN AGAIN!



AN EARLY MORNING CALL SUMMONS DOLAN TO HIS OFFICE...

HERE'S YOUR MURDERER, DOLAN!

BEN GRAY! -- BUT WHY?



HE'S AN EX-CON! HE PULLED THAT NATIONAL STATE BANK JOB AND SPENT TEN YEARS IN JAIL! BUT HE FIGURED ON DIGGING UP THE LOOT HE'D BURIED TEN YEARS AGO BEFORE THE COPS CAUGHT UP TO HIM!

I REMEMBER NOW! HE BURIED THE MONEY IN AN ABANDONED PART OF WILDWOOD CEMETERY!



I'D HAVE FOUND IT, TOO, IF THEY HADN'T BUILT THAT SKYSCRAPER OVER IT!

YOU'D NEVER HAVE FOUND THE MONEY! THE POLICE DUG IT UP SIX MONTHS AFTER YOU WENT TO JAIL!



HE COULD HAVE SAVED HIMSELF THE TROUBLE IF HE'D ONLY READ THE NEWSPAPERS!

IT WOULD HAVE SAVED A FEW LIVES, TOO!



Later...

SAY... HAVE YOU REFORMED? YOU HAVEN'T WALKED ON THE SOFA LATELY!

AH HAS DECIDED NOT TO BECOME A IRONWORKER! IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

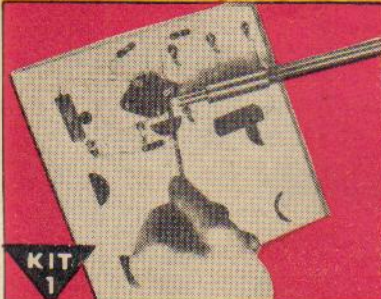


AH'S GOIN' TO BE ONE OB DEM TRAPESE ARTISTS IN DE CIRCUS!



I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

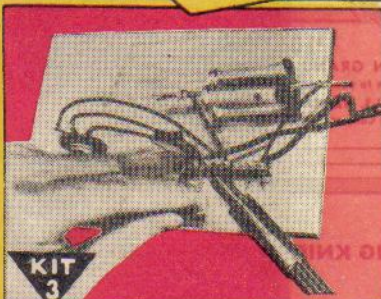
**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



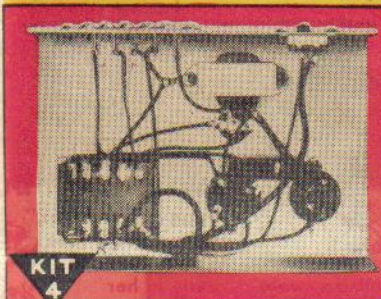
KIT 1
I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



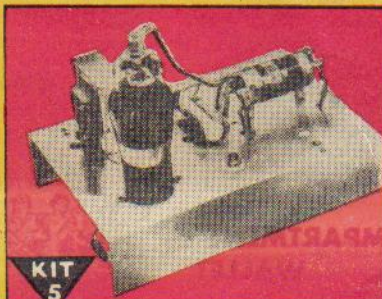
KIT 2
Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



KIT 3
You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



KIT 4
You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



KIT 5
Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



KIT 6
You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics
The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time
The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make **Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio**

EXTRA money fixing Radios in spare time while learning. MAIL COUPON for sample lesson and 64-page book FREE. It's packed with facts about opportunities for you. Read about my Course. Read letters from men I trained, telling what they are doing, earning. MAIL COUPON in envelope or paste on penny postal.

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 6DA3, National Radio Institute, Pioneer Home Study Radio School, Washington 9, D. C.

Good for Both - FREE

MR. J. E. SMITH, Pres., Dept. 6DA3
National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.
Mail me FREE, without obligation, your sample lesson and 64-page book. (No salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name..... Age.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....4FR



**My Course Includes Training in
TELEVISION • ELECTRONICS
FREQUENCY MODULATION**



\$1000.00
IN GRAND AWARDS
in addition to your regular prize
WIN CASH or U.S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS
Mail Coupon TODAY

**Boys!
Girls!**

**Sell American Seeds
GET YOUR PRIZE**

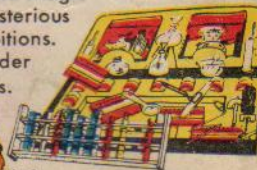


Boys! Here's the Holster Set you've wanted. Big jeweled Cowboy Holster, "Texan-type" pistol, leather belt, kerchief and lariat. ALL for selling only one order of American Seeds.

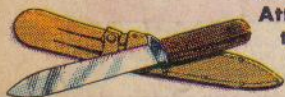


COMPLETE CHEMISTRY SET

Famous "Chemcraft" Set, for interesting experiments—and Magic Book of 50 Mysterious Chemistry Exhibitions. Sell only one order American Seeds.



HUNTING KNIFE WITH LEATHER SHEATH—Attaches to belt

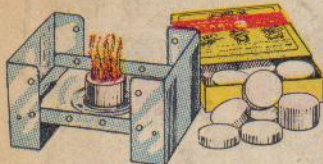


Big, husky 11-inch knife. Sell 1 order American Seeds.



STERLING SILVER SWEETHEART BRACELET

PEARL NECKLACES or other jewelry. Your choice for selling only one order.



COOKIT Pocket size folding stove and package of Heatabs for camp cooking, etc. All for selling one order

CANDID TYPE CAMERA



with carrying case. Takes 16 pictures on each roll of film. Sell one order, plus \$1 extra.

"SECRET COMPARTMENT" WALLET



for Men and Boys. Your name in gold.

SELL ONE ORDER for either wallet.



"AMERICAN LADY" WALLET

Smartly-styled, two-toned, 7 compartment billfold.



Color-illustrated **FAMILY BIBLE** with your name in gold on the cover. Sell only one order.



Full size, sweet-toned Ukulele decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instruction sheet FREE. Sell only one order. (Quantity limited.)

DRESSER SET

FULL SIZE Comb, Brush and Mirror—exquisitely designed, beautifully decorated. Sell one order.



PEN & PENCIL SET



a really good Fountain Pen and matching Automatic Pencil. Given for selling one order.

SWEETHEART DOLL

"Peggy Sweetheart," the doll you'd love to own. Pert and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell only one order.



STURDY AXE with Leather Sheath Attaches to belt.

Boys! Here's a husky axe of regulation size, in a leather sheath. Sell only one order of Seeds.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

as explained in our BIG PRIZE BOOK

CROQUET SET
GENE AUTRY GUITAR
FLASHLIGHT
KITCHENWARE
DISHES
BOXING GLOVES
ARCHERY SET
TRAVELING CASE
GAMES

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

Most prizes shown above and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are given WITHOUT COST for selling only one 40-pack order of American Vegetable and Flower Seeds at 10c per large pack. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money, as stated.

Everybody wants American Seeds—they're fresh and ready to grow. You'll sell them quickly and get your prize at once, or, if you prefer, take one-third cash commission on all seeds sold. GET BUSY—send coupon today for free prize book and seeds. **OUR 28th YEAR**

SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU
AMERICAN SEED CO., INC., DEPT. 520, LANCASTER, PA.

AMERICAN SEED CO., INC.,
DEPT. 520 LANCASTER, PA.

Please send the BIG PRIZE BOOK and 40 packs of Vegetable and Flower Seeds. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money promptly, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

R.F.D. Box
or Street No. _____

City _____

State _____